

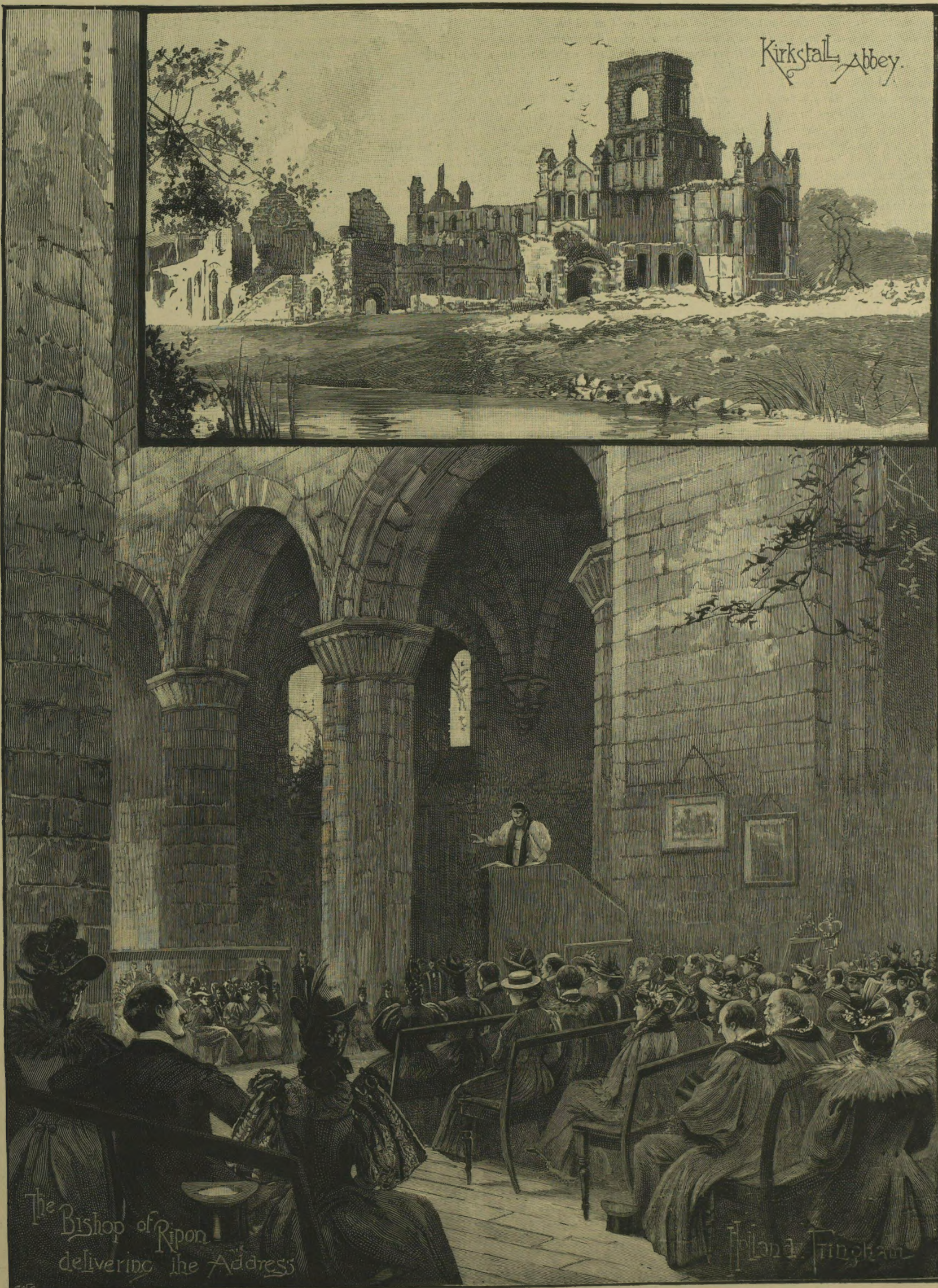
# THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

REGISTERED AT THE GENERAL POST OFFICE AS A NEWSPAPER.

No. 2944.—VOL. CVII.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 21, 1895.

TWO SIXPENCE.  
WHOLE SHEETS By Post, 6d.



REOPENING OF KIRSTALL ABBEY, LEEDS.



## OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY JAMES PAYN.

Some persons have been so bold as to assert that considering the large sums spent in advertisements, these literary compositions might be improved, and to give examples of their inferior character. In a Transatlantic journal called *Printer's Ink*, this is not only denied, but the war is carried, so to speak, into the enemy's country. A writer of advertisements has been interviewed, and informs us that "if you will look into the advertising pages of the leading magazines, you will find there more real ability than in nine-tenths of the pages devoted to literature. Any fool with an education can write half the literature of to-day. It takes a man of natural ability and years of training to condense a continued story of business into the measure of a quarter of a page." It is certainly unusual to see a continued story, or serial, as it is otherwise termed, of such very brief dimensions as this. Indeed, the present peculiarity of advertisements, in England at least, is that they tell rather too long stories—generally about adventure, battles, and hair-breadth escapes—before we get to the very unexpected *dénouement* of Green Pills or Invalids' Ointment. One's impression is that the briefer advertisements are the better; that is, the more effective. The simple statement "724 more" is said to have aroused the curiosity of the great American Continent, nor was it by any means allayed when it turned out to be pancakes, 724 more of which could be made of Somebody's baking powder than by any other means. No one, again, would easily guess that "Plantation Bitters" were offered to an expectant world in the letters and figures "S T 1860 X," which being interpreted stood for "Started Trade in 1860 with ten dollars"; this appealed not only to the palate of the nation, but to its financial instinct, and was a great success. "All the exposed rocks in the Niagara rapids," we are told, "bloomed out under this mystic sign, and forest trees along the lines of the Pennsylvania Railway were hewn down to afford passengers a glimpse of it in letters four hundred feet high upon the mountain-side."

In London the most remarkable advertisements have emanated from the theatres. "The Dead Heart" was printed in red and posted everywhere—upon the walls, upon the pavements, upon the trees in the parks, upon the seats, and even upon the backs of revellers returning home in a convivial but too oblivious mood. Still more striking was the idea of the manager of the drama "The Mystery of a Hansom Cab." Hiring a number of hansoms, he placed in each the dummy figure of a man in a dress suit with a blood-spattered shirt-front, and had them driven through the principal streets, to the alarm of a few but to the delight of the many. Doctors are not permitted by the rules of the profession to advertise themselves, but there is nothing to keep their cures out of an almanack; like Mr. Crummles, they have only to protest that they can't think who puts these things into the almanacks—they don't. Dr. Conan Doyle, in his last work, confers immortality upon his friend Dr. Cullingworth by the following extract—

- Aug. 15. Reform Bill passed, 1867.
- Aug. 16. Birth of Julius Caesar.
- Aug. 17. Extraordinary cure by Dr. Cullingworth of a case of dropsy in Bradford, 1881.
- Aug. 18. Battle of Gravelotte, 1870.

A curious example of extinction of remorse in the human breast is afforded by the village of retired organ-grinders, which, we are told, is to be found in Italy. They all speak English, of a certain kind, for they have all made their fortunes in this country by their hateful calling, yet exhibit as great a serenity and peace of mind as though they had passed their lives in benefiting their fellow-creatures. In their dreams they may have nightmares—let us hope they have—but to the casual observer they show their white teeth and smile as if they had nothing to answer for. No recollection of the tortured author, the frenzied musician, the sleepless invalid haunts their callous hearts; and what is most amazing of all, some of them—not many, alas! or we should be the gainers—have actually taken their hateful instruments home with them, and grind upon them for their own amusement. For all I know they have taken their monkeys too. No doubt they amuse themselves with imitations of the British householder in his tantrums, with his fingers in his ears, and pretend to frighten one another in their "soft bastard Latin" with the "move on" of the London policeman. No sane individual can have any doubt of the atrocious character of their profession, but it will be interesting to that large body of persons who respect the Scripture without a very intimate knowledge of it that it expressly states (in Job) that the wicked "rejoice at the sound of the organ." As this cannot possibly be the church organ, it must be the hurdy-gurdy.

In the eyes of the London poor there is no authority so puissant as that of the London magistrate. He should be called the Trunk and not the Beak, since, like the elephant, he can uproot trees or pick up a pin: nothing is too great or too small for his august arbitrament. He can bring together—to a certain extent—the most quarrelsome couple, and can not only separate them, but decree a separation allowance. He bids them take example by his own equanimity under provocation: they never see him

"throw things," and rarely hear him "say things," to relieve his feelings. To them he is all the High Courts and also the House of Lords in one. Yet there are some things even a London magistrate cannot do for them. He cannot make a husband speak to his wife if he has no mind to do so. The other day a poor woman appealed to him on this very matter. "My husband," she said, "will not speak a word to me. It is very disagreeable being with a person who never opens his mouth except at meal-times; he is so good as to make him talk." Such an application has never before been made in a police court, though the offence has been committed again and again, though never by a wife. There has been no record of a woman who would not speak to her husband. Indeed, there was a suggestion in the present case that the man had adopted the Trappist system as a defence against an irrepressible loquacity. It may, on the other hand, have been only an exaggerated case of sulks. Defoe suffered from this complaint, and was dumb in the family circle. I have known an instance myself where silence sat beside the domestic hearth for years. At last, of course, the liver asserted itself, became about twice its normal size (there is nothing like sulks for blowing it out), and the morose one departed into the land of silence without a word of farewell. The phrase "There was never a word between them" could have been literally applied to this couple, though they could hardly have earned the Dunmow flitch of bacon. The most amazing feature of the lady's application to the magistrate was that she made no stipulation as to the character of the conversation of which she stood in need. The term "language" among the poorer classes implies strong language; and what else could be expected from a husband compelled to speak against his will? Even the most accomplished conversationalist could hardly make a favourable impression upon compulsion, and it is only too probable that this gentleman's first words would be swear-words; at the same time, there is a large section of society which, so long as they can get people to talk to them, are very easily satisfied with what they say.

I am surprised to see the newspaper crusade against the British breakfast as provided at our seaside hotels. Of these I have had as large an experience as most people. There are some things that are rarely found good at hotels, such as soup and mint sauce. In the latter, however plentiful be the mint in the garden, you never get enough of it in the boat, and there is always too little sugar. As for the ham, if it is only a good one (which, however, is a large "if"), I would gladly compound for it instead of having the outlandish dishes which some of the correspondents on this subject seem to expect; but at what good hotel in England does breakfast consist only of ham? Are there no kidneys? Are there no boiled fowl and mushrooms? Are there not at least three different kinds of fish? If not, it is the fault of the guest who does not ask for them. If he is very particular, it is doubtless advisable to order what he requires over night. As to the plethora of dishes already cooked, and to be procured on the instant, which excites the admiration of some persons, they are seldom worth eating. Nothing cooked in vast quantities can be properly done; that is why all the food in even our best-provided steam-ships tastes so much alike. Nothing can be "kept hot" without suffering damage. The fact is, only a few people are judges of good food, and what is plentiful, and, above all, pretentious, is always acceptable to them. The complaint that fresh prawns are seldom provided is well founded; but there is an excellent reason for it: the price of prawns varies from day to day, and therefore they are not included in the menu, but are charged for separately. They have to be bespoke. My experience is that, having made the waiter your friend, you can get almost anything you want in a good hotel; if you don't choose to take that trouble you may, no doubt, have too much of bacon and eggs.

The enterprising minister who has added tobacco to the attractions of his discourses (for it seems he smokes "a briar" himself in the pulpit, so as to set his congregation at their ease), gives, upon the whole, a satisfactory account of this "new departure." His people are of the poorest class, and though we may be far from agreeing with Tennyson's farmer that "the poor in the loom is bad," there are no doubt some bad folks among them. Under the veil of tobacco-smoke they have filched his watch and chain, which is but a poor return for his tea and "twist"; still he considers his innovation has been a decided success. Those who come to smoke remain to pray; and the incense is as genuine, he believes, in one case as the other. One would like to have more details of his experiences; but interviewers probably find the favourites of the music-hall more popular subjects than this ecclesiastical reformer. One drawback to his ministrations is that members of his congregation, in visiting other places of worship, may forget that the use of pipes (except organ-pipes) has not yet become general. At Bingley a man has been committed to prison for a fortnight for lighting his pipe in the church, where "smoke offerings," it seems, are not acceptable.

We heard a good deal during the General Election about the connection between Beer and Bishop, but chiefly of a theoretic kind, and it is interesting to learn that it has now

become practical. The Right Reverend Bishop Fallows, of the Episcopal Church in Chicago, has invented a new and grateful liquid called, in his honour, Bishop's Beer, which seems to bid fair to effect a great temperance reform. The chief difficulty of making teetotal principles popular has been hitherto the horrible decoctions imbibed by their advocates and recommended in vain to the general public. Bishop's Beer is made with malt and hops, but is non-intoxicating. The "salons," as they are called, where the liquor is dispensed are already diminishing the saloons and reducing their customers. "Business men, working men, lawyers, and clerks patronise the new drink as much as the poor. The bar of these places is like the old bars, and the beer is like the old beer, but there is nothing in it to 'steal away the brains.'" The sooner our teetotal friends import this liquor, since they are apparently incapable of inventing anything palatable themselves, the better for the object they have in view.

It is only the students of Dr. Conan Doyle's works who will recognise his hand in "The Stark Munro Letters." It would not be, nevertheless, surprising if the writer himself rates the book higher than any of his previous productions. It will probably not be so popular, and there will no doubt be some to say that if he thinks so highly of it, it will be only another example of an author's preferring a weak offspring to a strong one: as a mother clings to a delicate child more closely than to a vigorous one. These "Letters," however, are, in fact, very far from weak. They have not, of course, the animation and excitement of the author's historical novels, nor, indeed, do they profess to have any story to tell, unless the vicissitudes of a struggling doctor can be called such; but they have a depth of spiritual thought in them that is not to be found elsewhere in his works, though in some we have a hint of it. They have also one very striking character—James Cullingworth—who may well be termed a literary creation. Dr. Doyle very justly observes that Carlyle's definition of genius, "An infinite capacity for taking pains," is a false one; indeed, it is a mere paradox, probably hit upon in one of that philosopher's many bilious fits to flout the general opinion of his fellow-creatures. On the contrary, "genius allows the possessor of it to attain results by a sort of instinct which other men could only reach by hard work." Cullingworth has this instinct! His inventions are marvellous, from his plans for the destruction of fleets and making Switzerland the greatest naval power of the world, to his discovery of how the Egyptians elevated the stones to the top of the Pyramids. "This ingenuity was joined to an extremely sanguine nature. As he paced up and down in his jerky, quick-stepping fashion after one of these flights of invention, he would take out patents for it, receive you as his partner in the enterprise, have it adopted in every civilised country, see all conceivable applications of it, count up his probable royalties, sketch out the novel methods in which he would invest his gains, and finally retire with the most gigantic fortune that has ever been amassed. And you would be swept along by his words, and would be carried every foot of the way with him, so that it would come as quite a shock to you when you suddenly fell back to earth again and found yourself trudging the city street a poor student, with Kirk's 'Physiology' under your arm, and hardly the price of your luncheon in your pocket."

Cullingworth's last discovery, which he takes with him to South America, is in connection with the eye. "There's a fortune in the eye. A man grudges half-a-crown to cure his chest or his throat, but he'd spend his last dollar over his eye. The eye is a gold-mine. . . . Man, if you could only see it, there's a fringe of squinting millionaires sitting ten deep round the whole continent, with their money in their hands waiting for an oculist." This gentleman is at once the most sanguine and humorous of enthusiasts; add to this a demoniacal temper and a total absence of scruple, and the portrait is complete. But what, if we are not mistaken, is intended to be the chief feature of the "Munro Letters" is the opinions of the writer upon "faith, free will, foreknowledge absolute," and they are well worth reading. His correspondent is an optimist, and is not quite sure that there is any evil in the world, though cruelty to children and to dumb animals gives him, as it well may, some slight doubts upon that matter. "The more we progress," he says, "the more we tend to progress. We advance not in arithmetical but in geometrical progression. We draw compound interest on the whole capital of knowledge and virtue which has been accumulated since the dawning of time. Some eighty thousand years are supposed to have existed between palaeolithic and neolithic man. Yet in all that time he only learned to grind his flint stones instead of chipping them. But within our fathers' lives what changes have there not been? The railway and the telegraph, chloroform and applied electricity. Ten years now go further than a thousand then, not so much on account of our finer intellects as because the light we have shows us the way to more. Primeval man stumbled along with peering eyes and slow, uncertain footsteps. Now we walk briskly towards our unknown goal." Whatever may be thought of "The Stark Munro Letters," they make a very remarkable book.



## OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

## THE FIRE ON BOARD THE "IONA."

A very terrible disaster on board one of the coasting steam-boats, the *Iona*, conveying passengers from Leith and Edinburgh to London, took place early on Monday morning, Sept. 16. That vessel had left Leith on Saturday evening, with about seventy passengers on board, many of them returning from a holiday excursion in Scotland. They retired to rest on Sunday night, but between one and two o'clock in the morning, when the vessel was just off the Gunfleet, on the Essex shore, near the entrance to the Thames, a fire was discovered in the second-class dining-saloon. Captain George Thompson instantly stopped the ship; and the crew, directed by the chief engineer, laboured with great zeal, courage, and energy to subdue the flames. It was impossible, however, to prevent the conflagration destroying the ladies' cabin of the second-class passengers, in the fore part of the vessel. After nearly three hours' incessant labour, every attempt to reach and to save the inmates of that cabin having proved hopeless, the fire was subdued. It was then found that seven lives had been lost, those of six women and a child, out of sixteen who had been there when the fire began. Those who perished were four married ladies, Mrs. Raymond, Mrs. Crofts, Mrs. Bird, and Mrs. Levack, Miss Mossman, the stewardess Miss Edith Leadenham, and a little girl, the daughter of Mr. Mowett Stewart.

## KIRKSTALL ABBEY.

By the generosity of Colonel North, the old ruins and estate of Kirkstall Abbey have become the property of Leeds, where the donor was born. The Abbey, which dates back to the twelfth century, was rapidly mouldering into decay, when Colonel North purchased it in 1889 for £10,000. In the following year the ruins began to be carefully renovated, with due regard for antiquarian interests, under the skilful direction of Mr. J. T. Micklethwaite. The estate is now changed from a desolate wilderness with a gloomy ruin into a charming pleasure-ground, for which generations of Leeds citizens will be grateful. On Sept. 14 the Abbey grounds were formally reopened, and a large concourse showed their immediate appreciation of Colonel North's gift, which has been effectively treated by the Mayor and Corporation of Leeds.

## THE RACE FOR THE AMERICA CUP.

The international yacht-racing contest at New York for the America Challenge Cup between Lord Dunraven's *Valkyrie III.* and the New York yacht *Defender*, owned by Mr. Iselin and others, has been abandoned. Lord Dunraven on Thursday, Sept. 12, after the third race—in which the *Valkyrie* merely started and then immediately permitted the *Defender* to sail over the course—withdraw from the competition, protesting against the crowd of steam-boats by which the movements of the sailing-yachts were hampered, and refusing to sail again under such absurd and dangerous conditions. The *Valkyrie* will be refitted for the ocean voyage home to England without delay. There has been a good deal of disappointment at the fiasco which has attended this much-discussed race. To the non-yachting portion of the public some of the incidents connected with the event are quite inexplicable, while among yachtsmen themselves great difference of opinion exists.

## GERMAN ARMY MANŒUVRES.

The German Emperor had the presence of his allies, the Austrian Emperor and the King of Saxony, to render the army manœuvres at Stettin still more brilliant. Early on Monday morning, Sept. 9, his Imperial Majesty set out for the district where the four Army Corps (the 2nd, 3rd,

and 9th Corps, and the Guards) arrived. In the afternoon he received the Emperor Francis Joseph and the King of Saxony at Stettin railway station with all due ceremony. The Austrian Emperor had visited the German Empress at Potsdam on his way to Stettin. In the evening a grand banquet was given at the Castle to the royal guests, who included, besides those mentioned, the Count

Still the roll of the dead was not complete, for amidst the ruins of the burning houses there were found the bodies of the Rev. R. W. Stewart and his wife, a nurse, and Miss Nellie Saunders. The charred remains of those who had been burned, and the bodies of those killed, were placed in coffins, and at four o'clock on Aug. 2 the sadly bereaved party of survivors left Wha-Sang. Before their melancholy journey had lasted three hours Herbert Stewart succumbed to his injuries. The baby of the Stewart family survived for only a day or two after the disaster. Thus there were in all eleven bodies laid to rest on Aug. 5 at Foo-Chow, at midnight.

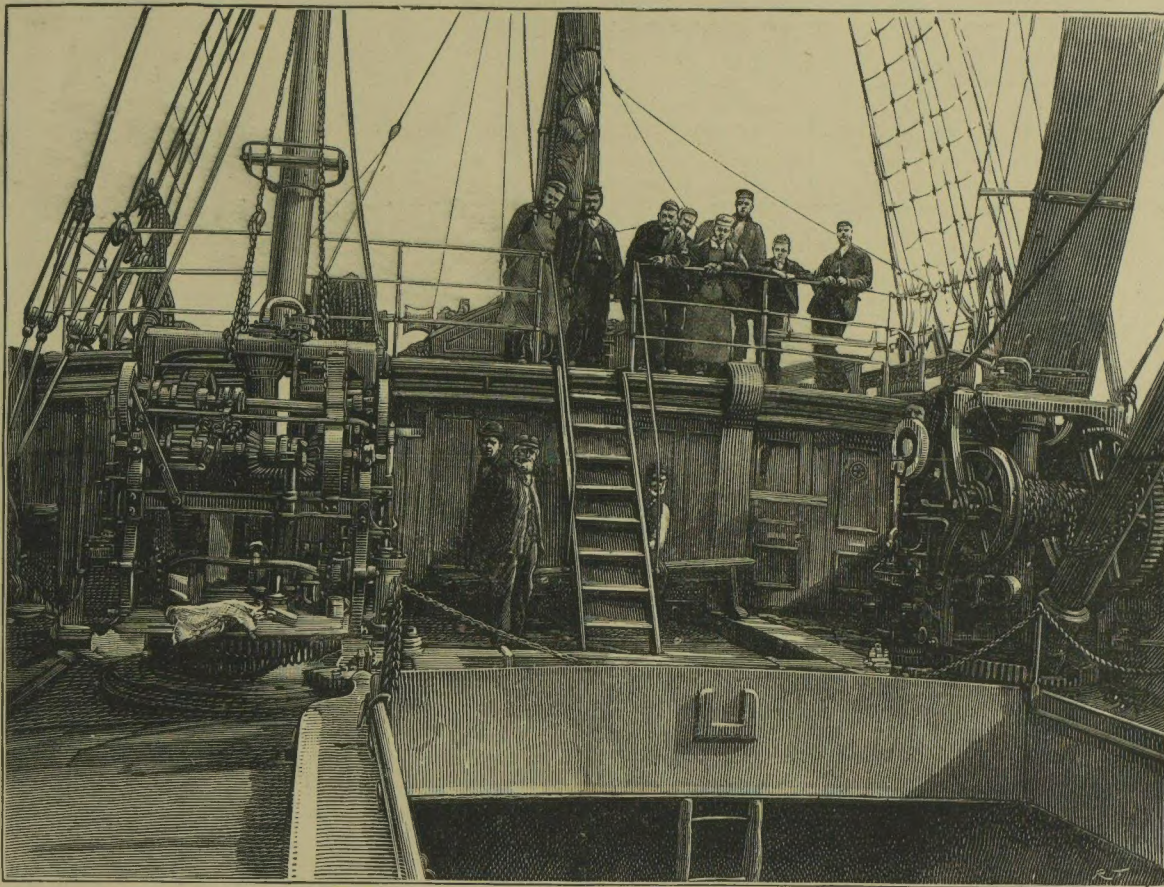
## "TRILBY" ON THE ENGLISH STAGE.

Mr. George Du Maurier's well-known novel, as dramatised by Mr. Paul M. Potter, of New York, has been transferred from the American stage to the English, and with unquestionable success, so far as popular suffrage is concerned. Both in Manchester and in Leeds the play, as represented by Mr. Beer-bohm Tree and the members of the Haymarket Theatre, has been greeted by audiences as enthusiastic as they were large. It does not follow from this, of course, that the drama will appeal with equal force to metropolitan theatre-goers. On the other hand, we may be pretty sure that, before Mr. Tree permits the dramatised "Trilby" to face the London footlights—as it will do for the first time on Oct. 30—he will have laboured hard to make it worthy, at least, of kindly and cordial consideration. At Manchester the play struck the onlooker as fairly well made, with the exception of the last act, which was as weak as it was brief. The course of the original story was maintained up to a certain point; but modifications were introduced which may or may not please the admirers of the novel. The hypnotic musician, Svengali, became more prominent, and Trilby, the artist's model, grew more "respectable." The interpreter of Trilby—Mr. Potter's Trilby—was at once recognised as very engaging, both as a woman and as an actress.

## WELSH GOLD-MINES.

Faber's phrase, "the dear, hopeful West," may now have a special meaning for Welshmen. The discovery of gold-mines in the Principality has filled many with that *auri sacra fames* of which Virgil sang. Most people are accustomed to treat the matter of searching for gold in Wales as a harmless amusement, with little to reward it. Yet in the last eight years nearly fifty thousand tons of gold ore have been treated, yielding gold to the value approaching £90,000. So we may now reasonably admit that Wales has a right to be reckoned among the countries where the most precious of metal lies below the surface of the soil awaiting the pick and shovel of the miner. And there are about four hundred miners already employed in the various districts trying to reap a golden harvest for their toil. Nearly half of this number are working at the Gwynfynydd Mine, some illustrations of which we give. This mine is now the property of the British Gold-fields, Limited, the directors of which are Mr. Halley Stewart (the chairman), Mr. E. H. Dunning, and Mr. Thomas Bayley, M.P. The mine in recent times was opened up by Mr. W. Pritchard Morgan, M.P., who has done more than any man to develop the gold-fields of Wales. The mine is situated on the Gwynfynydd Hill, a few miles north of Dolgelly. The property of the British Gold-fields Company covers 5000 acres.

In the forty-stamp mill you find every new device of machinery to make the work of the miners remunerative; electric light aids them, and water is the power used. The managing director of the mine is Mr. Dunning, who has had great experience in gold-mining in South Africa. The cost of working the mine is about ten shillings a ton of ore, including rent and royalties. In the eleven months ending June 1895 there were over twelve thousand tons of ore treated, yielding an average of 12½ dwt. of gold per ton, of the total value of £26,000.



FIRE ON BOARD THE "IONA": LADIES' CABIN, WHERE THE FIRE TOOK PLACE, BARRED BY CORONER'S ORDERS.

Special Photo Thomas, Cheapside.

of Turin, Prince Arnulf, Prince Leopold of Bavaria, Prince Albrecht of Prussia, and Prince Maximilian of Baden. An honoured British visitor was Field-Marshal Lord Roberts, V.C.

## GRAVES OF MURDERED MISSIONARIES.

Deeply pathetic interest attaches to our Illustration of the graves of the murdered missionaries at Foo-Chow. On Aug. 1, to recapitulate briefly the story of the tragedy, a carefully planned massacre was enacted at Ku-Cheng, a city about three days' journey west of Foo-Chow. On the mission-house at Wha-Sang an attack was made in the early morning. About 6.30 a.m. the Rev. H. S. Phillips, hearing shouts from the direction of the Rev. R. W. Stewart's house, went towards it. A native implored him to go no further, as the "Vegetarians" (a band of natives infatuated with a hatred of foreigners)

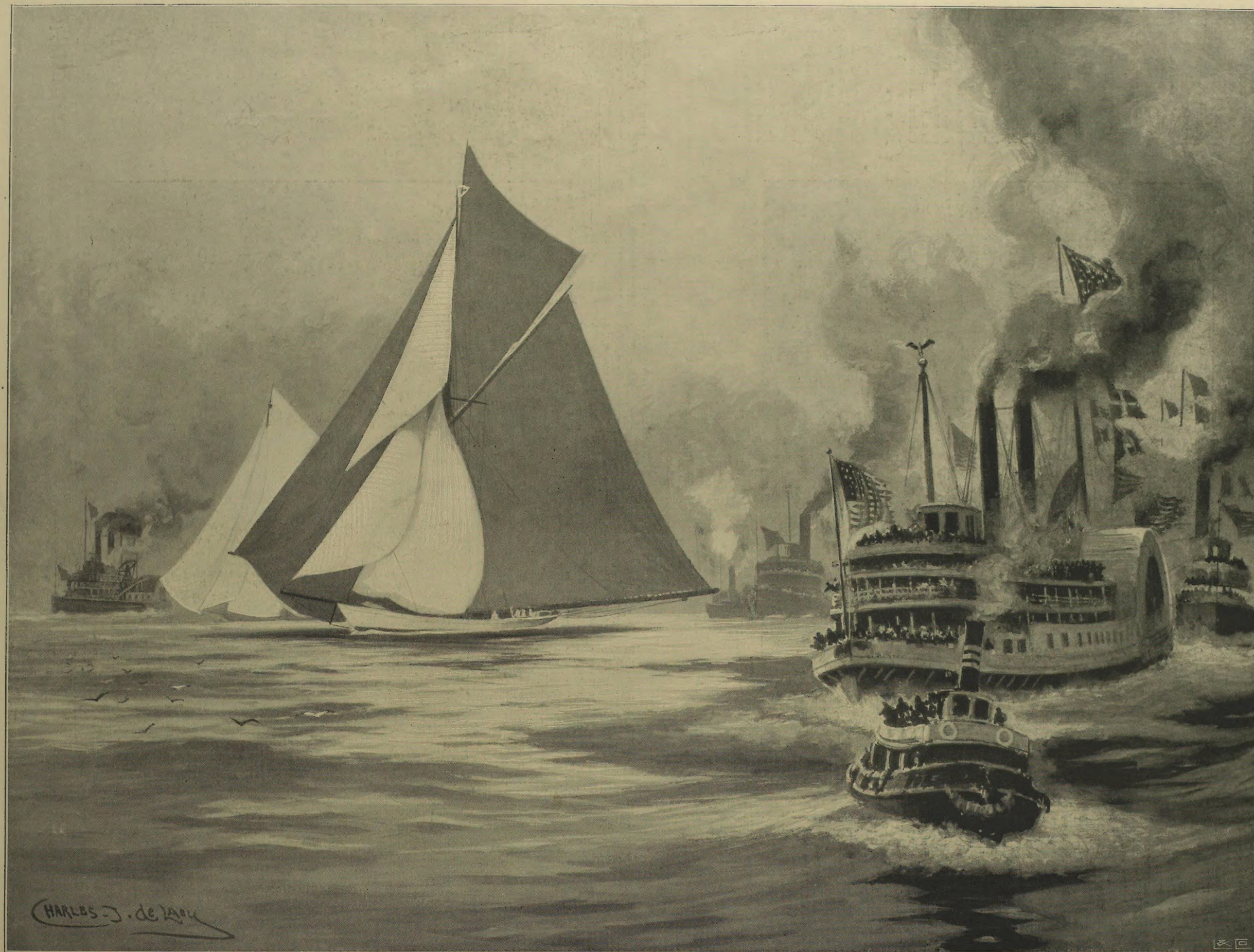


THE "IONA" AS SHE NOW LIES AT HERMITAGE WHARF, WAPPING.

Special Photo Thomas, Cheapside.

were plundering the place. Mr. Phillips soon saw about forty men engaged in carrying off the contents of the house. When at last they retreated he approached nearer, and heard a voice saying, "Now all the foreigners are killed." He found Miss Mildred and Herbert Stewart seriously wounded, as was also Miss Codrington. Going to the back of the house, the awful spectacle of the dead bodies of Miss Flora Stewart, Miss Saunders, Miss Gordon, and Miss Marshall, met his gaze. At the foot of the hill, in front of the house, lay the corpse of Miss Hattie Newcombe.





CONTEST FOR THE AMERICA CUP: STARTING FOR THE FIRST RACE ON SEPTEMBER 7.





"Trilby, that's my name—Trilby O'Ferrall."



TRILBY: *I won't sing another note.*



SVENGALI: *I assure you, Matemoiselle, that I have never heard a voice that can equal yours.*



TRILBY: "Oh, don't you remember sweet Alice, Ben Bolt; Sweet Alice, with hair so brown?"

"TRILBY" ON THE ENGLISH STAGE: MR. BEERBOHM TREE AS SVENGALI AND MISS DOROTHEA BAIRD AS TRILBY.

Photographs by Alfred Ellis, Upper Baker Street.



## PERSONAL.

Lord Lonsdale is the Kaiser's most fervid friend and admirer. He describes William II. as the greatest man he has ever met. The Emperor knows everything about his troops, even to the contents of their cupboards. When at Portsmouth he saw a German vessel he at once gave the most accurate particulars of her cargo. During the German military manoeuvres nobody knew what had become of a certain regiment except the Kaiser. All these things will not make Kaiser William the greatest man of his time, but it is interesting to know that they have deeply impressed Lord Lonsdale.

The transfer of Sir Nicholas O'Connor from Peking to St. Petersburg is regarded in some quarters as an important indication of British policy in the East. Probably it is nothing more than the ordinary course of diplomatic promotion. Sir Nicholas went from Sofia to Peking without exciting any remark on the connections between Bulgarian politics and China. A good deal of surprise is expressed at the apparent inaction of the British Government in view of the Chinese attitude towards the ruffians who massacred the missionaries. The official inquiry is as unsatisfactory as Chinese official inquiries usually are. There is perfect readiness to execute somebody; but as heads can always be obtained in China without touching a hair of the real culprits, executions have no moral effect. Sir Robert Hart is mentioned as Sir Nicholas O'Connor's successor at Peking, but it is objected that his long and intimate relations with the Chinese Government would make him ineffective as an Ambassador. They would probably have exactly the opposite result.

Sir Joseph Renals has returned home very well pleased with his expedition. Paris is calm, and the personal success of the Lord Mayor in the Gironde has not provoked any further reproaches from the Chauvinist journals, which are always discovering fresh proofs of British perfidy. It is not generally known, by the way, that Sir Joseph transacts a good deal of business in Paris in the glove trade, and that his French is quite excellent.

M. Barthélemy Saint-Hilaire, who lately celebrated his ninety-first birthday, deserves from every point of view to be known as "the Grand Old Man of France." He belongs to the now fast dying race of French author-politicians, of which his friend Thiers was a notable example. Though he will probably go down to future ages as the greatest Aristotelian the world has ever known, he has played, during his long and eventful life, a notable part in the history of the French Republic, and even those who have most disagreed with his principles and most deprecated his course of action have never called in question his integrity and high-minded patriotism.

Those unacquainted with his real age would take M. Saint-Hilaire to be a hale old man of seventy-five or eighty. He is one of the most regular in his attendance at the sittings of the Senate. During the last few years, indeed ever since he left the Ministry of Foreign Affairs, he has lived at Passy in a pretty sunlit villa, which now contains one of the best collections of Aristotelian literature in the world. He has bequeathed this collection to the Bibliothèque Nationale in Paris. M. Saint-Hilaire, who has a remarkably clear and accurate memory as regards the many men and events he has met and witnessed during his long life, remembers perfectly Napoleon I. and all that occurred during the occupation of Paris by the Allies. He began his translation of Aristotle into French exactly sixty-three years ago, and only completed it last year. Not once but many times he has apparently broken his career in defence of a principle. After the *Coup d'Etat* he refused to swear, in his capacity as a Professor at the Paris University, allegiance to Napoleon III., and during the years that followed he retired entirely into private life, giving himself up to his literary labours. It is, however, to the honour of the Emperor that M. Saint-Hilaire was appointed a member of the Commission to inquire into the Suez Canal question. The result of his journey to Egypt was afterwards published by him under the title of "Lettres sur l'Egypte." M. Thiers, rarely lavish in his praise, once said to a friend that had it not been for Barthélemy Saint-Hilaire the reorganisation of administrative France after the Franco-German War could never have been accomplished except after years of failures and mistakes. The Aristotelian student accepted the onerous post of Chief Secretary to the President of the Republic. He rose at four every morning, and during the time that he was Thiers' *alter ego*, had to break his life-long rule of going to bed early. For the Herculean labours of that period—he being already, it will be remembered, between sixty and seventy years of age—he would accept no salary.

By a gun-accident on Sept. 16 the Right Hon. Miles Stapleton, tenth Baron Beaumont, died on his estate at Carlton Towers, Selby, Yorkshire. The deceased peer was forty-five years of age, and was educated at Eton. Joining the Coldstream Guards, he served on the staff in Canada and Malta. He was with the Volunteer Mounted Troops

in the Bechuanaland Expedition ten years ago, and, later, with the Egyptian Frontier Field Force. The Hon. Miles Beaumont, for he had not then succeeded to the peerage, fought at the battle of Giniss, and gained the medal and Khedive's star. His brother, who was present at the battle of Ulundi, died in 1892, and the title then passed to himself. In the following year he married Ethel Mary,

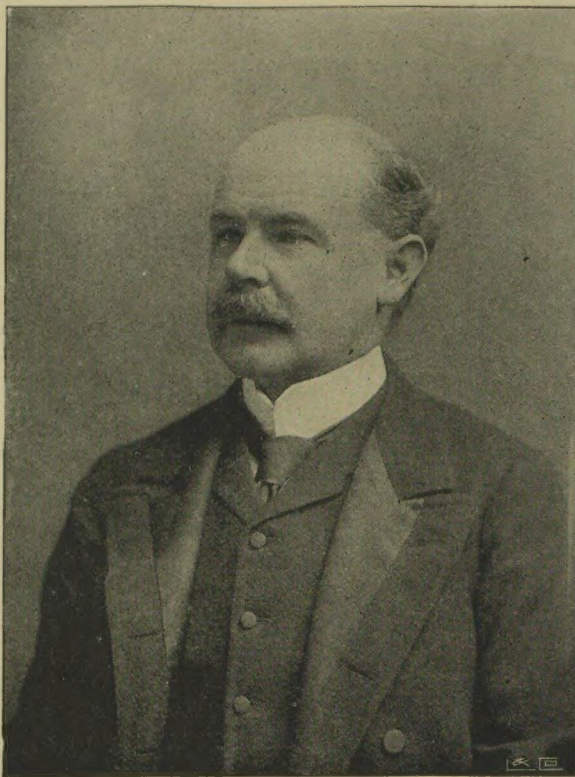


Photo Russell and Sons, Bal'or Street.

## THE LATE LORD BEAUMONT.

only child of the late Sir Charles Henry Tempest, Bart., and a daughter, born in 1894, survives with Lady Beaumont to mourn his loss. The late peer had been till recently Lieutenant-Colonel commanding the 20th Hussars, with which regiment his connection ceased on Sept. 2. He was selected for the rank of brevet-colonel, and remained on the active half-pay list, in the expectation of further employment. Lord Beaumont was a Roman Catholic, according to the traditions of his family, whose history can be traced to the days of the Crusaders.

A terrible fellow is M. Turpin. He is reported to have offered his explosive to the Sultan for the trifling sum of seven hundred and twenty pounds. The offer comes at a critical moment. There is talk of coercing the Sultan; but if he should make terms with M. Turpin he can laugh at the coercing Powers. "When my engines are set

The double-page Illustration in our last issue entitled "Emil Rey's Last Journey" we omitted to mention was from an admirable sketch sent by Mr. Herbert T. George, who witnessed the sorrowful scene. All Alpine travellers will join with us in complimenting Mr. George on his accurate and artistic record of a sad event.

With regard to the sad death of Miss Sampson in the Alps, the Head Master of Dover College writes to emphasise the fact that the Rothhorn was not the spot on which Miss Sampson's accident occurred; in fact, that mountain has been almost free from accidents, being far from dangerous. Miss Sampson and Miss Growse were crossing the Trift, with the intention of ascending the Rothhorn on the following day. They had almost reached the foot of the wall of rock terminating in an ice-slope known as the Triftjoch, when a fall of stones occasioned the disaster. Mr. Compton mentions that Carrel, who was the companion of Biner, is the guide who accompanied Mr. Whymper to the Andes, and is a brother of Antoine Carrel, who perished on the Matterhorn.

The approaching marriage of Princess Alexandra of Coburg and Gotha to the Hereditary Prince of Hohenlohe-Langenburg will connect the powerful family of Hohenlohe, of which probably the most important member is the present Imperial Chancellor of Germany, with the Czar of Russia. No doubt the recent visit of the Imperial Chancellor to St. Petersburg, and his flattering reception there, had a good deal to do with this betrothal, the announcement of which was made almost simultaneously. The successor of Bismarck, Caprivi, and Count Eulenberg is a very different man from any of his predecessors. He is, above all, a diplomat, having had experience at Athens, Rome, and last, but not least, Paris. He is a man of the world, with nothing of the characteristic German brusqueness and haughtiness of manner. His amiability, adroitness, and knowledge of human nature no doubt caused his selection in 1885 for the difficult, even dangerous, post of succeeding General Manteuffel as Governor of Alsace-Lorraine.

Are the colonists of Victoria unwilling to contribute to the cost of imperial defence? Mr. Armytage, a Victorian, says the colony would rather maintain a cruiser of its own than pay the present small contribution to the cost of a British squadron. Moreover, the Colonials, says Mr. Armytage, don't want to fight but to trade, and he is convinced that no foreign Power would risk the planting of "the seeds of hatred in our vigorous lands." This appears to mean that the Australian colonies need not spend money on naval defence, as no European aggressor would be so foolish as to excite Australian resentment. Mr. Armytage has certainly discovered a new motive in European politics.

The Bishop of St. David's has selected the new Dean from the Cathedral body, the Rev. Evan Owen Phillips, Canon Residentiary and Chancellor, being appointed to succeed Dean Allen. It is in many ways an admirable appointment. Canon Phillips is a scholarly and cultured gentleman; he did good work as Warden of Llandovery School and as Vicar of Aberystwith; he is a Welshman; and he is popular in South Wales. But it must not be forgotten that he took his degree as long ago as 1849, which means that he is no longer a young man. But

Wales is satisfied, and that is enough; certain it is, too, that it would be impossible to pick another clergyman in the Principality more worthy of the "honour" such an office is believed to shed. The new Dean, who took his degree as eighteenth Wrangler, is, like his contemporaries at Cambridge, the Bishop of Worcester and the Master of Corpus, a devoted adherent of the Evangelical School.

## ROYALTY AT THE JOHANNIS SPRING.

Among the pleasant diversions of the Prince of Wales's recent visit to Homburg was a visit to Zollhaus, where the celebrated Johannis spring exists. A special train conveyed the royal party, which included Prince Albert of Schleswig-Holstein, the Grand Duke Michael of Russia, Prince Nicholas of Nassau, Countess Adda Merenberg, Lord Cork, Sir Edward Lawson, Bart., Sir John Puleston, Sir William Howard Russell, the veteran war correspondent, Mr. Chauncey Depew, the witty American orator, and others. En route luncheon was served by Ritter. On arrival at Zollhaus at half-past four, amid brilliant sunshine, the



Photo van Bosch, Wiesbaden.

## THE PRINCE OF WALES'S VISIT TO ZOLLHAUS.

up on the coasts of Europe and Asia," says M. Turpin, "the Straits of the Dardanelles and the Bosphorus will be inviolable and impassable by day or night, not only for a single fleet, but for all the fleets of the world united." That is impressive, but it is nothing to what follows. "To destroy a fleet I ask only as much time as it takes that fleet to pass a given point, and that without having recourse to moored torpedoes." Here is a chance the Sultan is not likely to have again. He may buy absolute immunity from coercion, and all for the really contemptible sum of seven hundred and twenty pounds! The amazing thing is that when the French Government had the opportunity of buying M. Turpin's invention, they treated it with contumely.

Prince of Wales and the company were met by Captain Kennedy and Mr. Gordon, who carefully explained the methods employed in pumping and bottling the water from the Johannis spring, and everyone seemed interested in watching the various processes. Later on the royal party dined on the terrace in front of the local manager's residence, and by this time the heat, which had been exceptionally great, was so much less that the evening air was delightful. The banquet was, needless to say, remarkably choice, being served from Frankfurter Hof, under the direction of experienced M. Ritz, who travelled specially from London for the occasion. By half-past ten the fast train had returned to Homburg after an enjoyable excursion.



## HOME AND FOREIGN NEWS.

Her Majesty the Queen is at Balmoral, accompanied by Princess Beatrice and Princess Victoria of Schleswig-Holstein, with Prince Henry of Battenberg and the children. The Duke and Duchess of York and the Duchess of Fife are near her Majesty's Highland residence, and frequently visit her. There was a private performance of "Liberty Hall," by Mr. George Alexander's company, before the royal family at Balmoral Castle on Monday evening.

The Prince of Wales has left Homburg, after visiting his sister, the Empress Frederick of Germany, and meeting the Duke of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha in Germany; and on Saturday, Sept. 14, his Royal Highness arrived at Copenhagen, met the Princess of Wales and her daughters, staying with the King and Queen of Denmark, and was received by the Crown Prince of Denmark as his guest at the Castle of Charlottenlund. The rumour of an intended marriage of Princess Maud of Wales to Prince Christian of Denmark, her first cousin, has excited much interest. Her aunts, the Empress Dowager of Russia and the Queen of Greece, are now staying with the Danish royal family at the Castle of Bernstorff.

The Lord Mayor of London, with Lady Renals, after their visit to France, came home on Monday. They were

of rates of railway carriage, and by encouraging the sale of home-grown meat in preference to imported foreign meat. Some of these questions, indeed, had been more fully treated in Thursday's meeting, when Major-General Webber read a paper on the construction of light railways as an assistance to agriculture. It cannot be said that the views there expressed were very hopeful.

The Channel Squadron, under command of Admiral Lord Walter Kerr, has been lying off Scarborough, where its officers and parties of the crews have been entertained by the Mayor, and by Mr. J. Compton Rickett, M.P., and other residents at that town.

The Duke of Devonshire on Tuesday opened the new Midland Counties Dairy Institute at Kingston, in Nottinghamshire, and on Friday, Sept. 20, presided over a conference of Poor-Law guardians and officers at Derby.

The Corporation of Halifax on Tuesday presented the honorary freedom of that borough to the Right Hon. Sir James Stansfeld, G.C.B., who was thirty-six years its representative in the House of Commons.

The War Office has announced that the whole of the British Volunteer force, numbering 175,000, will be furnished with the Lee-Metford rifle (not the magazine rifle) in the course of the next twelvemonth. On Oct. 26 there

His Majesty had the 3rd Army Corps and the whole division of Prussian Royal Guards, with which he won an easy victory over the attacking force, consisting of the 9th and the 2nd Army Corps. Field-Marshal Lord Roberts and the Earl of Lonsdale and Lord Chesham were among the privileged spectators. Count Waldersee has been appointed a Field-Marshal. The Emperor on Sept. 14 went to Dantsic to superintend the naval manœuvres of the Baltic squadron commanded by Admiral Knorr.

The visit of Prince Hohenlohe, Chancellor of the German Empire, to the Court of St. Petersburg, is regarded as a favourable sign of amicable relations between Russia and Germany, and the continuance of peace in Europe.

The Emperor Francis Joseph, after his return to Vienna from witnessing the German military manœuvres, set forth to perform a similar act, near Raab, in Hungary, with a grand assemblage of the cavalry of his own army on the old battlefield of Zenta, where in 1697 Prince Eugène won a great victory over the Turks.

A new Ministry is being formed in Austria by Count Badeni, whose policy is said to include a fair compromise with Hungary, electoral reform, and an adjustment of taxation, upon the lines of the Moderate party.



GRAVES OF THE MURDERED MISSIONARIES AT FOO-CHOW.

See "Our Illustrations."

entertained on Sunday by the Municipal Council of Paris with a grand déjeuner at the Hôtel de Ville, at which M. Rousselle, President of the Municipal Council, did the honours, and the Marquis of Dufferin, the British Ambassador, was one of the chief guests. At Bordeaux, the centre of the tour which Sir Joseph Renals made in the wine-growing districts of Gironde, he was hospitably entertained by the Municipality and the Chamber of Commerce, and was met by the Prefect and other French Government officials with ceremonious attentions.

The British Association for the Advancement of Science has concluded its Congress at Ipswich; next year it will be at Liverpool, and for 1897 it has accepted the Canadian invitation to Toronto. Among its discussions of practical and popular topics were those on Monday, Sept. 16, simultaneously in the Section of Botany and Chemistry and in the Section of Economy, upon the improvement of British agriculture. In the former, Mr. R. Warrington, Professor of Rural Economy at Oxford, Mr. T. Hendrick, a Scottish agriculturist, Lord Walsingham, Sir John Evans, Sir Henry Roscoe, Professor Thiselton Dyer, and others, engaged in a debate upon Government help towards scientific education or instruction applied to agriculture. There was much difference of opinion concerning the need or the expediency of such Government aid. In the Economic Section Captain Pretymann, M.P., started a discussion of the share which landlords and farmers respectively ought to take in the outlay of capital upon agriculture; and Mr. H. Biddell, a Suffolk farmer, suggested remedies for the present distress, by the adjustment of local taxation and

will be a night march of the Volunteers out of London, with the brigade of Guards, repeating the experiment of last February, under the direction of Lord Methuen, the General commanding the home district.

A bronze effigy of the late Bishop Harvey Goodwin was unveiled by the Archbishop of York in Carlisle Cathedral on Tuesday. The sculptor is Mr. Hamo Thornycroft.

The military field manœuvres of the French army, under the inspection of General Zurlinden, the Minister of War, in the eastern Departments beyond Langres towards the Saône, have been concluded. General Saussier was in command of the troops of four Army Corps, divided into a northern and southern force, opposing each other in various strategic and tactical movements and mimic battles around Parnot and Pouilly and on the road from Fresnoy to Maulain.

The German imperial army, in a still more powerful assemblage of force, under the eye of the Emperor William II., accompanied by the Austrian Emperor Francis Joseph, the King of Saxony being present as one of the Generals in command, has been performing its manœuvres near Stettin, in Pomerania, to the west of the river Oder, some eighty miles north of Berlin. On Sept. 11 and Sept. 12 the operations represented the movements of two opposing forces, the one commanded by the Emperor William in person, the other commanded by Count Waldersee, over a tract of country fifteen or twenty miles wide, bounded by the Randow marshes and water-courses.

The twenty-fifth anniversary of the occupation of Rome by the Italian troops, which was the immediate consequence, in 1870, of the defeat of the French army at Sedan and of the downfall of the Empire of Napoleon III., was celebrated on Sept. 14 and next day by a national patriotic congress, held at the Capitol, at which the Government of the kingdom of Italy was officially represented. On Tuesday the King and Queen of Italy arrived at Rome, and were enthusiastically received. Their Majesties opened a National Fine Arts Exhibition.

Another Alpine disaster has taken place, the victims of which, however, are this time not English or foreign tourists in Switzerland. It was an avalanche that fell in the Upper Gemmi Pass, near Kandersteg, bringing down a mass of mingled ice and boulder rock, estimated at a million and a half cubic metres, from a height of 10,000 ft. Six persons were killed, all natives of the valley.

The Belgian Government of the Congo State has summoned Major Lothaire to Boma, to answer for his illegal act in hanging Mr. Charles Stokes, the British Central African trader, in January last, as a punishment for selling rifle ammunition to the negro tribes. The family of Mr. Stokes have preferred a demand of large pecuniary compensation to be claimed by the British Government. It seems that fine and imprisonment would have been the legal punishment for the offence of Mr. Stokes, and that he had a right to appeal to the superior judicial tribunal at Boma. The Belgian medical officer of the expedition, Dr. Michaux, indignantly protested against the violent course pursued by Major Lothaire.





GERMAN ARMY MANŒUVRES: ENTRY OF THE GERMAN AND AUSTRIAN EMPERORS INTO STETTIN.

*Drawn by R. Caton Woodville.*



# THE COURAGE OF PAULINE CAMACHO.

BY MORLEY ROBERTS.

ILLUSTRATED BY R. CATON WOODVILLE.

## CHAPTER VII.

### THE WAY OF A MAN.

But Jack had, perhaps, gone a little too fast, and Pauline, when she saw the maidenhair and azaleas, was somewhat shocked at her own behaviour, which had, she knew, led to this demonstration. Though she put the wild flowers in water she did not wear one of the blossoms, and for two whole days Jack had no chance of speaking to her. He put this down clumsily enough to his having shaved, and as he sorrowfully inspected himself in a bit of broken looking-glass he feared it hadn't improved his personal appearance.

Nevertheless, when La Donna remarked to Pauline that he was a better-looking man than she had previously imagined, the girl agreed, though her outward assent was cold and indifferent. It was La Donna's own fault that the relations between the ineligible suitor and Pauline improved sooner than they otherwise might have done, for she made Jack drive the girl to Healdsburg and back, for Pauline wanted some things from a store there.

For the first mile out from Las Rosas Jack hardly spoke save to the horses, but his aspect was so melancholy that Pauline was very sorry for him; yet she had an almost insuperable difficulty in beginning a conversation which in her heart she desired. So she blundered into it abruptly.

"You are not very talkative this morning, Mr. Bevis," she said at last.

"No, Miss Camacho," he answered; "it's a long time since we had a talk."

There was an implied reproach in his allusion to the two days' silence which touched her a little. For, after all, he was a gentleman, and there wasn't very much in the matter of the flowers. One might look at it in the light of pure courtesy. And if one might not—well, what did it matter? Yet she made no allusion to her two days' withdrawal into her own garden.

"How very hot it gets now!" she said. For it was almost the height of the summer; the

wheat was ripe, and, save for the brilliant green of the vineyards, the country was burnt to dust.

"They will start heading the wheat to-morrow," said Jack; "and then there will be a bit of a slack time till the grapes are ready. I wonder where I shall be then?"

"Are you going soon?" she asked.

"I can't tell. Sometimes I get very tired of it all. Life is a pretty hopeless kind of game to some of us. Do you know Coleridge's poems?"

"Some of them," said the girl.

"Then perhaps you recollect the lines—

Work without hope draws nectar in a sieve,  
And hope without an object cannot live."

Somehow she didn't answer then, but looked instead at the distant hills.

"How different his voice is when we are talking like

this!" she thought. For when he was with her he drifted away from his acquired language of the West, and spoke quietly and softly, more like an Englishman; though not with that particular English accent which is to the full as offensive to an American as any American accent can be to English people.

Presently he began to hum a song below his breath, and she asked what it was.

"Something that Lorenzo sings—

*Io vorrei che nella luna  
Ci s'andasse in carretella  
Per vedere la piu bella  
Delle donne di la su!*"

"Please translate it, Mr. Bevis."

"It means that the singer would like to go to the moon in a nice little carriage to see the most beautiful of the

ladies there. But you see I am taking *la piu bella* in a nice little carriage to Healdsburg," he added.

And then, suddenly dropping his melancholy, he made her laugh by telling her the more humorous side of his American adventures. He mimicked her uncle to the life; but he so evidently thought him good and kind that Pauline smiled with him.

"God bless my soul!" said Jack, "but, Miss Camacho, you must be hungry. Here, take these tickets and get some dinner and then come back."

And they drove along the dusky road laughing and chatting like the best of friends.

"You never came again for a lesson in milking," said Jack. "Are you inclined to live in the country or in the town?"

"It all depends on the people one lives with," said Pauline.

"Then are you happy up here?"

Pauline nodded, and again Jack sang—

*Io vorrei che nella luna*

As they were entering Healdsburg he turned round and pointed out Hope's Mountain.

"You can see



"The old buggy has gone up the flume, Miss Pauline," he said.



it over all the others, can't you? Have you ever been up it?"

"No," said the girl; "I often wanted to when I stayed here as a child. But I never got very far. It was so lonely that it frightened me."

"Would you like to come up some day with me?" he asked. "I've been up. In fact, you can ride almost to the top."

And she said she would like, and then that she didn't know, and that perhaps she could, and, finally, that she'd see. But she was silent again till they reached Mark's Store in Main Street. She only stayed in town about an hour, and Jack drove back as fast as he could, for he had much to do. In fact, he drove at such a pace that once Pauline caught hold of his arm.

"Mr. Bevis, aren't you going too fast?"

He reduced the pace a little and smiled.

"If you don't like it, I am, but it's safe enough. I think I can drive a bit. You wouldn't like to come out with me to-morrow, I know."

"Why?"

"I'm going to drive one horse that hasn't been driven for a year, and with it one that's never been driven at all."

"Won't it be very dangerous?" she asked.

"A little risky, perhaps; but La Donna says I'm to break them; so I suppose I must. And there's no one else to do it. This is the most extraordinary American place I was ever in. For bar Blake, there's not an American on it, no one but Swedes and Norwegians and Italians, and the only person who dares to handle a bucking horse is an ignorant Englishman. And I'm the only man who can use the lariat or the whip. In most other places I had to take a back seat."

Pauline nodded.

"Aunt says you know something about everything. But don't be foolish with the horses."

"I don't know that it matters much," said Jack brutally. "A broken neck's an easy death, any way."

"Don't talk so," said Pauline sharply.

"I beg your pardon, Miss Camacho. I'm a brute, and, I fear, a fool too."

But next day he did drive the horses, and they smashed the cart and most of the harness, and slung Jack over a fence without hurting him in the least. He came home leading his team with a happy smile on his face. It was much more interesting than chopping firewood. He met Pauline as he passed the garden.

"The old buggy has gone up the flume, Miss Pauline," he said. "I've had a devil of a smash."

"Are you hurt?" said the girl anxiously.

"Not in the least," answered Jack, "and the horses are very weak now. They scared thunder out of themselves, and got tied up in a knot at the bottom of a ditch. I think I'll try them again to-morrow."

And she was so angry with him and herself that she went away without speaking. It hurt Jack so badly that he turned savage.

"I wish I had gone to the moon in that nice little carriage," he said, and when he went to bring up the horses that afternoon for Nansen to take out a fresh team for the header, he rode so recklessly in the blinding dust that Brown, who was rather too straight in the shoulder, pitched on his head, rolled over, and left Jack insensible in the road. The horses were then near the corral, and ran in of themselves. With them went Brown, who was bleeding from a bad cut over the left eye, and Pauline, who had been watching from her window to see them arrive, put on her hat and ran out. She came on Jack leaning against a fence. He looked worse hurt than he was, for there was blood on his face, and when Pauline saw it she screamed.

"Are you hurt badly?" she said. And Jack, who was not quite conscious though he was standing up, stared at her stupidly. She ran to him and caught his arm. And then he came to.

"Are you hurt?" she asked again. And Jack felt himself all over.

"I'm a bit bruised, and I shall be stiff to-morrow; that's all, I think," he answered.

"What happened?"

"My horse fell and rolled partly over me," said Jack.

And they went together to the corral. He brought out Brown, who was still trembling with terror.

"See, Miss Pauline," said Jack; "the horn of the saddle hit the ground full. If it had come on me I should have gone to the moon in a little carriage."

But Pauline shivered.

"You had better go and lie down, and I'll tell Aunt to make one of the other men do your work to-day."

She insisted, and he allowed her to send him to the little house. Presently La Donna came up to see if he was quite killed or not. She found him seated on the door-step.

"It's only a bad shake, Ma'am," said Jack. "I dare say I shall feel it for a day or two."

And La Donna was really kind, and told him to lie down and take a rest. Wong by and by brought him up a cup of tea.

"You're a white man, Wong," said Jack, "and I hope you'll get rich and go back to the Flowery Land with unlimited money for opium."

For Wong had a shiny opium face. He smiled his

inscrutable Chinese smile, and paddled off to the kitchen. At supper time Pauline herself told him to take Jack something to eat. So Jack ate and rubbed himself with embrocation, and in his heart he called her blessed.

And next Sunday, when he crawled up the creek to kill time fishing, he found her in the same place. They didn't speak for a long time, and when they did Jack talked of his own people and showed her their photographs.

"Aren't they very angry, Mr. Bevis, at your doing this sort of thing?" she asked.

"There's a little wandering blood in the family," said Jack; "we all do the same thing more or less. My elder brother never came back to England from seventeen to thirty. Now he's quite respectable and in business; and he writes to me to say that I'm a fool, which of course I am."

The girl sat silently for a little space, and Jack looked at her kindly.

"What could you do, Mr. Bevis, if you had a chance?"

"I could run a ranch," said Jack, "that's what I'd like best. I prefer horses or cattle, but I could do with it mixed like Las Rosas."

And Pauline nodded.

"Would you be happy then?"

"I should be happier. For that would be a beginning. I've only been learning these years. Anyhow, even this is better than being a clerk in a business office. I'd like to live in California all my life if—"

"If what?"

"It's a whim I have. I'll tell you some day," said Jack.

And then he began fishing. She followed him up the creek.

"Do you know my uncle is coming up here in a few days?" she asked as they came to the biggest waterfall in the creek.

"God bless my soul, no," said Jack. "Is he? Well, he'll tell you yarns about me."

"And I'll tell him one about you," said Pauline to herself.

But Jack's mind ran gloomily back to San Francisco, and the bitter, dreadful nights of last winter, and the unspeakable humiliations of it. His face clouded visibly.

"What are you thinking of, Mr. Bevis?" asked the girl.

"I was thinking of San Francisco and of your uncle. If it hadn't been for him I think I would have dumped my useless self over the wharf at the bottom of Clay Street one night. For I was ill and homeless and penniless and hungry. Then good old Mac lent me a hand. It was nadir with me then."

"You are right," said Pauline; "he is a very, very kind-hearted man."

But as they came out into a sunnier spot where there was a glorious growth of azaleas, Jack dropped his rod and began gathering them. The finest blossom he could see he tied up with some maidenhair and took it to her.

"Will you wear this, Miss Pauline?"

And she took it doubtfully. Yet at last she fixed it in the front of her dress, and then Jack made up a big bunch of them. He gave her these as well, and she took them. But she went home soon.

As she went she was angry with herself and with him. It was not right for her to act so. How angry her Aunt would be! And what would her own people say? And her uncle?

But against Jack her feeling was that of revolt. She felt that he might subdue her, and her pride was alarmed. Yet if he had only a good position! For convention grasps all womankind till they have suffered greatly, and even then it returns again and again to make them suffer more in natural joy.

Yet Jack was very content, and, though he ached when he climbed the creek, he managed to send more trout down to the house. This time he told Wong to take them to La Donna.

Next morning Pauline found more flowers on her window-sill; and because she disagreed with her aunt about some inconsiderable trifle, she even wore them.

But it was odd how cold she was to Jack when she met him.

#### CHAPTER VIII.

V. G.

When the heading was over, and the piled cars of wheat lay in a shapeless rick in the middle of the big cultivation patch, to wait for the services of a travelling threshing-machine, old McIntosh came up to Las Rosas for a week. Jack had hoped that he would fetch him, but as it happened Blake wanted to go into town, so he drove the carriage himself. As it was late when they came back, Jack didn't see his old friend and helper till the morning, when the secretary of the Aid Society came into the corral to look at the cows. Jack dropped his milking, and went up to Mr. McIntosh smiling.

"How are you making it, Mr. McIntosh?" he said; but evidently the old man didn't know him. Jack had clean forgotten that he wore a beard in San Francisco.

"Don't you know me? I'm Jack Bevis," he added. And then McIntosh took his hand.

"Why, Bevis! God bless my soul, no, no! Why, yes! but I didn't know you. Why, where's your beard? Shaved, eh? Why, you look ten years younger!" and the good old boy chuckled as he surveyed his protégé.

"And how are you getting on? and how do you like it? Different, eh, from being at home? You're a sad dog, a sad dog."

Jack shrugged his shoulders.

"It's all right, Mr. McIntosh, but there's not much of the stableman job about it. I had visions of sitting on a manger and see the horses eat; but, by Jove! I've got no time to turn round in, though just now it is a bit slacker. Mrs. Hope's a rustler."

Old Mac nodded and winked and laughed.

"Ah, yes; and weren't you surprised to see my niece up here?" he asked.

And Jack went back to his milking, while the secretary trotted off to breakfast. He kissed his niece, shook hands with Mrs. Hope, and sat down bubbling.

"I've just been out to see my University man who's now a stableman," he said. And Pauline was evidently interested, though she did not speak at once.

"University man! Who's that?" asked Mrs. Hope.

"Why, Jack Bevis, of course."

"But is he a University man?" asked Pauline.

"Of course, of course; he must be; knows Latin and all kinds of things. He's very intelligent; don't understand it. Bless my soul, why should such a man be at such a job?"

"I suppose he made England too hot to hold him," said Mrs. Hope. "There are plenty like that."

"No, no," said McIntosh energetically; "I know more of 'em than you do. Educated men? Yes; oh, bless you, I see 'em; but this one works. Come, now, can't he work?"

"I've no fault to find with him," said Mrs. Hope, "except that he won't always do what he's told. And he's too fond of thinking he knows better than I do."

"Probably does, about cattle and horses and sheep," said old Mac. "He worked in the Argentine and in Australia at such things."

And when Blake went out McIntosh added, "Knows more than Blake, I should think."

"Mr. Blake understands the vineyard, and it's all he does understand."

"Well, a man like Bevis ought to be running a ranch himself."

"One never knows how far to trust such men," said Mrs. Hope. "Why is he here at all?"

"I asked him the other day," put in Pauline, as she reached for some jam, "and he says he belongs to a family that never get respectable till they are thirty. There's wandering blood in them, he said."

"When were you talking to him about that?" asked her aunt sharply.

"When he took me into town the other day."

"You oughtn't to talk with him."

"You did," said Pauline.

"There's a difference."

"But you did talk with him, then?" said the old man; "and isn't it true what I say?"

"He's intelligent and well educated," allowed Mrs. Hope, "but it's no business of mine. He's stableman here at twenty dollars a month."

"And a good worker—a good worker," said McIntosh, who knew his hostess's ways.

But Pauline left the table at the earliest opportunity, and she waylaid her uncle when he came out.

"If you'll come with me I'll get you some almonds, uncle. And I want to talk with you."

So they went to the almond avenue, and after cracking him a few almonds she began about Jack.

"I think, Uncle, you ought to get him something better to do than this. For aunt never would, even if she could. She makes him do more every day, and in a little while he'll be sick of it. And he seems a very nice kind of a man. I should have been eaten, I believe, by a horrible hog if it hadn't been for him."

"God bless me, child, what do you mean?" he asked. And she told him the story about the lambs. When she had done, her uncle kissed her, and nearly cried, and used his favourite exclamation a dozen times in agitated succession.

"I must go and see him, and ask him about it."

And he started for the stable yard. "Did you tell your aunt?"

"No, uncle, I thought it would make her ill."

And he went to interview Jack, who was milking, as was usual at that hour of the day.

"And would they have eaten her, *exten* her, Bevis?" he asked.

Jack shrugged his shoulders.

"It's just possible they might have hurt her badly. For they were ravenous, and mad with the taste of blood."

"Well, well, I owe you something," said McIntosh.

"Not at all, Sir," answered Jack. "It was just a nasty kind of thing to happen, I own, but there was nothing in it. They couldn't hurt me."

"Ah! I don't know," said the old man. "Bless me, what perfect devils! I'll talk to you again."

And he trotted off to find Pauline once more.

"I wish I could do something for that young fellow," he said.

"So you can, uncle."

"What, my dear?"

"You might give him your place up in Shasta County to manage," she answered boldly. For McIntosh owned a small ranch up there. But Pauline knew he made nothing out of it.



"I've got a man running it now, my dear," he urged.

"Then send him away, and let Mr. Bevis do it," she said, with a very feminine disregard of justice. "I don't believe the man there can be any good. You know you don't get anything out of it. I'm sure the manager gambles with your money, or else drinks."

"I know he doesn't drink," said her uncle. "But it's true I don't get anything out of it."

Pauline took his arm.

"Not even the satisfaction of doing a good action. Is the man there very poor?"

"No," said McIntosh; "he's got land of his own close by."

"Then," said Pauline, with a shake of her head, "you are not a good business man at all unless you give it to Mr. Bevis. How much do you pay the other one a month?"

"Seventy-five dollars."

"Then send him away and give Mr. Bevis a hundred," said his niece. "Do it to please me, for I'm sorry for him, and he did save my life, anyhow. Or worse, I might have had no nose, uncle. Say my nose is worth a hundred dollars a month, or I won't ever love you any more."

And the old man said it was worth thousands, and added that he would think about it. He took Bevis out riding with him that afternoon, and got most of his history out of him. He nodded sympathetically at the worst parts.

And next morning Pauline came to the milking. Jack rose and took his hat off. But she had come on business.

"Mr. Bevis, would you mind doing something for me?"

"Would I mind?" asked Jack reproachfully. "You know I'd do anything you asked me."

"Well, but this is mostly for yourself," she said quickly. "Can you show Mr. McIntosh any papers to prove what you told me—that will prove, you know, that you didn't leave England because you were a peer or anything else disgraceful?"

And she laughed merrily.

"If you'll wait here five minutes I'll get all I can," said Jack, who

began to see what was going on. He ran to his room and took a bulging pocket-book out of a grip-sack. He brought it down to the corral and exposed the contents on the top of a big stump.

"Here's a certificate to prove I was a good boy at London University, which I left before I was eighteen; and here's a V.G.: V.G. discharge as ordinary seaman out of the *Gloriana*."

"What's V.G.?" asked Pauline.

"Very Good," said Jack; "and here's a tattered old letter from an old Argentine boss of mine; and there's an able seaman's discharge from the *Loch Vennachar*; and here's a letter from my respected dad asking me to come back; and this is a cattleman's pass on the M. K. and T. road; and a letter from another boss of mine in British Columbia. But I'm sorry to say I haven't any certificate to prove I've not been in the penitentiary."

"Lend them to me, will you?" said Pauline, and he gave them to her. She smiled and almost ran down to the house.

"I guess it's all right," said Jack, and he resumed milking.

When Pauline found her uncle she handed over Jack's

papers, and, putting on his glasses, he went through them serialim.

"He's led a variegated life, Pauline. I should like to know what he hasn't done. There, I said he was a University man"; and he held up the tattered London certificate. "I shall show it to your aunt."

But Mrs. Hope pointed out scornfully that only Oxford and Cambridge were universities in England in the accepted sense. She made Mr. McIntosh so angry that he was within an ace of going straight to Jack, and offering him the job which Pauline demanded on his behalf.

"I think he's all right," said he. "What he said is quite true; it's hard work proving you have not been in jail. I shall think of this. That girl has got a good head on her shoulders. Of course it is foolish of me to let that man run my place. I'll go up there next week, and if things are not satisfactory, I'll do it; yes, I will."

And when he met Pauline she soon wormed his decision out of him.

"I shall not say anything to Bevis about it," said he

mine, and all the gates, and the orchard, and the hogs. And I've put in days drying fruit. And no one in the place but myself can sharpen a single tool. Axes, scythes, and chisels come to me. And there's the bull and the calves, and now the four young fillies whose mothers died. And I grease all the carts and the buggies; and if the harness isn't like a new dollar, I'm to blame. And I have to look after the horses of visitors. And if an extra team is to go out I have to drive it. And sometimes I drive you into Healdsburg. And now you want me to sweep up two acres of unfenced stable-yard, with two hundred hogs rooting in it. And you say I can do it in an afternoon. I tell you, Madam, it can't be done. You must get some of the Italians to do it."

And with that he lifted his hat, turned on his heel, and went into the stable. He expected a message to say he was to get the Grand Bounce. But it didn't come. Mrs. Hope went in doors almost meekly.

Pauline was quite pleased to see Jack stand up and declaim against her aunt. His eyes flashed angrily, and he looked as big as the bull. And as he strode away after his parting salutation, his very walk was a defiance of injustice.

That afternoon she said casually that she thought she would like to go up Hope Mountain on Sunday if it wasn't too hot. Jack fairly blushed with pleasure.

"I hope I wasn't rude this morning, Miss Pauline," he said.

"I didn't mind," said Pauline. So he supposed he had been rather rude, and chuckled triumphantly because he hadn't got the bounce after all.

On Saturday afternoon he disappeared. When he was supposed to be on the other side he was going up the mountain. He cached behind a rock on the very top of the hill a bottle of water, a bottle of wine, a basket of fruit, and some bread.

(To be concluded in our *Next*.)

Subscribers to the Sir Andrew Clark Memorial will be disappointed to learn that it has only reached the total of £3000. Under these circumstances, the original proposal (for which £12,000 was asked) has had to be abandoned. But surely something more appropriate as a tribute to one of the most esteemed physicians of the century could be devised than the building of an erysipelas ward for women, an isolation ward, and increased accommodation for the porters in connection with the London Hospital. This suggested expenditure of a fund gathered from all sections of society does not strike one as at all felicitous. The distribution of the sum over such different objects seems an error when only £3000 is concerned. Would it not be possible for the Governors of the London Hospital to reconsider the matter, or, failing that, would it not be advisable to call a meeting of the subscribers? Perhaps, too, the publication of the life of the famous physician, announced as imminent, may act as a fillip to the fund in commemoration of his noble work.

What should prove an entertaining volume is announced for publication shortly. This is a memoir of the late Lord Clarence Paget, which will be edited by Sir Arthur Otway, whose name since he left the House of Commons has seldom been seen in print. Lord Clarence had so interesting and varied a career that his biography ought to furnish good reading.

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"I tell you, Madam, it can't be done."

But in his innocence he never asked her to hold her pretty tongue.

And when he left instead of going back to town he changed cars at Napa Junction and went up to Shasta.

But Pauline was now quite reckless. She had done something for Jack which of course was a great deal in his favour. And then her uncle so evidently liked him that she was made easier on one score. She believed he would not be angry even if Jack were so foolish as to really, really fall in love with her. But the greatest thing on his side was an extra fit of keen superintendence on the part of her aunt. All of a sudden Mrs. Hope took to chasing poor Jack round in such a way that it almost drove him wild. Her ingenuity in inventing more work for him was diabolical. So one day he broke out when she and Pauline were by the wood-pile.

"One moment, Mrs. Hope, if you please," he said, with his face pale with anger. "I should like to point out to you what I do already. I've got all the horses on my shoulders, and all the cattle and sheep, which have to be watered. And I cut all the wood, and sometimes bring it in besides; and I have to mend nearly everything that's broken, whether it's my work or not. The fences are



## ST. GILES'S FAIR AT OXFORD.

St. Giles's Fair at Oxford is one of the remaining pleasure fairs which are fast dying out before the resistless march of time. In olden times these annual fairs were the great markets of the year for all kinds of merchandise in the neighbourhood in which they were held, as the great fairs in Russia and other countries are now. In England they were usually held under a charter given to some religious body, and in this case the Cistercian Monks of St. Bernard's College at Oxford were the holders of the fair, and by them the profits of the letting of the ground were received, as they are now by St. John's College, which succeeded to the site and buildings of the Cistercians after their dissolution, among other foundations, in the time of Henry VIII.

St. Giles's Fair at Oxford is held annually for two days in September in the fine open street reaching northwards from the Martyrs' Memorial to St. Giles's Church. Stalls with fancy goods and toys were always in great number, and these still line each side of the street at the edge of the pavement under the trees. Those which depend on chance are fewer in number, and in many cases goods of a useful nature have taken the place of the tawdry china ornaments of a bygone generation. In olden days one or two roundabouts only existed—a slight frame with a few wooden horses, forced round perhaps by manual power or by the aid of a donkey or pony; now there are a large variety of all kinds of mechanical contrivances of the highest class whirling their visitors round by steam power, which also furnishes the electric lights which make the fair brilliant at night. The great novelty of the present fair was a complete train on a circular railway, part of which is formed into a tunnel. The three or four carriages were drawn by a little engine, smaller than the snorters used by contractors when making a railway. Perhaps the greatest success of all were the gondolas, "sea on land," in which some highly ornamental carriages run round a switch-back railway, driven, like the galloping horses, by an engine stationed in the centre.

Of the minor features, "Cheap Jack" has entirely disappeared. His strident voice and often really witty remarks furnished a large amount of amusement. The purse-seller, who sells you not only a purse but sundry half-crowns to boot, and all for a shilling, is no longer present; the itinerant singers of ballads are replaced by the latest form of Edison's phonograph, and the "bread and one" sausage cooked before your eyes on the iron tray under which a charcoal-fire is burning has given way to refreshment booths where a really fair cup of tea can be obtained.

Another change is in the dress of the people. Only in twenty-seven years what a difference is seen! That was at the close of the age of crinolines. The dresses were worn full, and were often of light-coloured material; a jacket was worn above them and a bonnet; but this is now



LADY WEST RIDGEWAY.

Photos Chancellor, Dublin.

THE RIGHT HON. SIR J. WEST RIDGEWAY, K.C.B., K.C.S.I.,  
THE NEWLY APPOINTED GOVERNOR OF CEYLON.

## THE NEW GOVERNOR OF CEYLON.

The Right Hon. Sir Joseph West Ridgeway and Lady Ridgeway will leave many friends in the Isle of Man to regret the well-earned promotion of Sir Joseph, in so far as it deprives them of so popular a Governor and his wife.

But, on the other hand, Ceylon will soon be rejoicing at the advent of its new Governor. While one little island speeds the parting guests, another much larger island will welcome Sir West and Lady Ridgeway. Colonel the Right Hon. Sir J. West Ridgeway, K.C.B., K.C.S.I., is a son of a clergyman, and was born in 1844. He was in the Bengal Army from 1861 to 1889, serving under various Viceroy's. One of the most memorable events in his Indian career was when he conducted, in 1884, the

Indian contingent of the Afghan Frontier Commission over a thousand miles to Penjdeh, without loss of life. It was he, too, who successfully settled the vexed question of the Afghan frontier in the following year. He was Under-Secretary for Ireland from 1887 to 1893, after which he went as Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary to the Emperor of Morocco. Sir West Ridgeway has been Lieutenant-Governor of the Isle of Man since 1893. He married, in 1881, Miss Caroline Bewicke, of Culby Manor, Yorkshire. The honours bestowed upon him have been—K.C.S.I. in 1885; C.B. 1887; P.C. 1889; and K.C.B. (Civil) in 1891. Both Sir West and Lady Ridgeway are likely to adorn the high position to which they have been called.

The General Court of the Governor and Company of the Bank of England, held on Sept. 12, was enlivened, as usual, by some remarks by Mr. John Jones, a critic whose ability has been tested in the past. One idea of Mr. Jones was particularly British. It was that the Bank of England should give a grand banquet to the Governor and Directors of the Bank of France in celebration of the success of the great commercial drama in which the Barings were concerned; they could also invite the guarantors and the chief of the Bank of Ireland. The Governor, Mr. A. G. Sandeman, threw cold water on the proposal, saying diplomatically that they did not wish to hear the name of Baring associated any longer with guarantors or difficulties. Douglas Jerrold once remarked



ST. GILES'S FAIR, OXFORD: VIEW LOOKING TOWARDS ST. GILES'S CHURCH.

Photo Taunt, Oxford.

such a time. Of course, those who object to all amusement object to this; but there was little heard from them even in condemnation when, on the Jubilee Day of her Majesty, the chief feature of the amusements was an old English gathering on Port Meadow similar to St. Giles's Fair.

that if all the world were collapsed by an earthquake, the British would meet and hold a banquet among the ruins to celebrate the event! One would imagine that financial amity did not need a dinner to cement its bonds, and an occasion more likely to inspire graceful oratory would have to be chosen than that suggested by Mr. Jones.





1. A Prospecting Party at Work. 2. The Clogau Mine, Main Adit: Tramming Gold Quartz. 3. Entrance to the Gwynfynydd Mine. 4. Miners at Work, "Drilling." 5. Panning Gold.

GOLD IN WALES: THE BRITISH GOLD-FIELDS MINE, NEAR DOLGELLY.



## THREE KINGS OF AFRICA.

## THE MISSION OF KHAMA.

We do not have three kings of Africa among us every day, and so, even apart from their mission, Khama and his companions, Sebele and Bathoen, are interesting. They stand probably for the highest point of civilisation that the independent native of Africa has yet reached. Indeed, looking back on the hour I spent in their company the other evening, I think of them as amiable and singularly observant men. They are of one blood—Bechuana from different parts of the Bechuanaland country—and their territories and peoples adjoin each other. Khama and his Bamangwato lie farthest north, Bathoen, head of the Bangwaketse, and Sebele, chief of the Bakwena, being between him and the Barolong people in the south. The veteran ruler of the Barolong, Montsioa, whose name figures in many a South African Blue-book, has interests towards us such as Khama and Bathoen and Sebele have. But he is too old to come to the “land of the great Queen,” and he sends his son Wessels (English, Wesley) and one of his head men, Sechuana, to be his mouthpiece. The chiefs have taken to our high hats very kindly—which I thought rather hurt the picturesqueness of the group they and their attendants made—and, indeed, are generally rather careful in the matter of dress. Khama is oldest by a year or two—he is sixty-one, while the other two are fifty-seven each—and is perhaps slightly the tallest of three giants. He is sparely built, with a certain stooping of the shoulders; while Bathoen is somewhat stout, and Sebele has an all-round muscular type of figure. A certain note of reserve marks Khama's thoughtful, almost æsthetic, face; quick, strong decision you at once detect in Sebele's manner; and Bathoen has a shrewd, clear grasp of affairs.

If they have power of pot and gallows among their own folks—as indeed they have—they are, I fancy, very benevolent despots. But I gathered from the Rev. W. C. Willoughby that the members of African tribes exert a good deal of what we should call public opinion, in respect to their rulers. True, the latter may proceed on the saying, “The king can do no wrong,” but when a wise African chief learns by the voice of his people, in public assembly met, what line of action they prefer, he naturally does not go the contrary way. Mr. Willoughby has been engaged in mission work on behalf of the London Missionary Society in Khama's country for some years. He comes here with Khama, Sebele, and Bathoen, as their “guide, philosopher, and friend,” and the Barolong representatives have the Rev. Alfred S. Sharp, a Wesleyan missionary in Montsioa's country—he has been home on furlough—to assist them in language and counsel. Without Mr. Willoughby and Mr. Sharp, and Mr. Willoughby's little boy, I should, I am afraid, have made little progress with the three kings. They only talk Sechuana, a tongue which has a pleasant ring to the ear, and yields a variety of dialects for the study of those who would master it thoroughly. It may be assumed that our dark-skinned visitors have not journeyed so far without reasons which, in their view, are of the first importance. Khama has prevented the sale of spirits among his folks; he has set his face sternly against the African custom of plurality in wives; and he long ago stamped out rain-making, smelling-out, and the other

superstitious condiments of African tribal life. He has altogether been a zealous social reformer, but until recently he had never been so far as Cape Town. From Palapye, his new capital, to London is a much longer cry, but then London is the head seat of the driving-wheel of the British Empire, and that is why Khama, Sebele, and Bathoen are here.

If a deputation of their tribesmen were coming to them they would think it strange to hear beforehand, through other people, all about its mission. That would be entirely a breach of their etiquette, and as they would be done to, so the chiefs have done themselves, in coming to see the Secretary for the Colonies. They have spoken no politics outside their private audience at the Colonial Office, but they could hardly avoid indicating in a general way the objects for which they have travelled. “We have heard rumours and statements of changes which would concern

in this respect has hardly been behind him, yet both of them have only words of blame for war as such. The three are men of peace, and, coming as men of peace, they hope to see “the great Queen.” “Many of the natives,” said Mr. Willoughby to me, “don't believe that there is such a being as the Queen, but regard her as something quite indefinite and abstract. When Khama and Sebele and Bathoen go back one of the first things they will be asked is ‘Have you seen the great Queen?’ If they were to reply, ‘No, we have not,’ the immediate comment would be, ‘Oh, even our chiefs have not seen the Queen, and they who are so great would have done so if she existed. So there can't be such a being; it's just as we told you.’”

My audience included a chat with Sebele—who in some ways is the most remarkable personality of the whole group—on two points of some interest outside the immediate mission of the kings. He was taught

by David Livingstone, as a boy lived under his eye, and I asked him for some of his memories of the great traveller. “Yes, I knew Livingstone,” he answered, “and it was he who took care of our family when we were living at Chonwana. He removed with my father and us to Kolobeng, and it was there he began to gather the children together in the school, and I was one of the scholars. It was at this time that our nation began to learn to read, and I still know the hymns we learned in the school. Also it was about this time the troubles of my father Sebele began with the Boers, and Livingstone said it would be better for him if he were living at another place in the land. I liked Livingstone very much as a boy, and all the people liked him.”

“Why did you like him—didn't he whip you in the school?” Mr. Willoughby asked.

“Oh no, he didn't whip me,” was Sebele's laughing reply, and the other chiefs and their attendants laughed likewise.

What view, we often ask ourselves, does the native African take of the advance and increase of the white man in Africa? Here was the possibility of getting an answer, and I asked Sebele the question. What he replied should be read.

“We distinguish between white men and white men,” his words were, “for there are those who remain and those who just seek gain that they may return home again. At first we saw the

white people pass, and we said, ‘They are going to hunt for elephant-tusks and ostrich-feathers, and they will return where they came from.’ We saw first Oswald, then Gordon-Cumming, but now when we see the white men we say ‘Jah!’” I turned to my interpreters to ask what “Jah! Jah!”—evidently a colloquial exclamation—meant. “Oh dear! Oh dear!” they explained was the nearest translation in English to the Sechuana expression. “And now we think of the white people like rain,” Sebele continued, “for they come down as a flood, and we do nothing to stop the flood. When it rains too much, it puts a stop to us all. We never thought they would find gold and diamonds in the country, but now they have come to stop. It is not good for the black people that there should be a multitude of white men—the natives rejoice simply to see the missionaries. They are our friends, and without them and the Gospel we should have no life at all, and we should not be in England now, for we should have had no friends. What we shall see in time to come I do not know, but I know we have seen trouble.”

So spake Sebele, Chief of the Bakwena. J. M.

Bathoen, Chief of the Bangwaketse.

Rev. W. C. Willoughby.



Sebele, Chief of the Bakwena.

Khama, Chief of the Bamangwato.

Photo Russell and Sons, Baker Street.

## BECHUANA CHIEFS, NOW VISITING LONDON.

us,” Khama put the position to me, “and we have come to headquarters to ascertain for ourselves what these mean. When we became aware of these rumours we thought that was what we ought to do, for we want to ensure harmony always and nothing but harmony.” Khama's allusion is, of course, to what may broadly be termed the attitude of the Chartered Company of South Africa and of Cape Colony, and behind these of the Imperial Government, towards the wide territories of which they now, as their fathers were before them, are the chiefs. They are subjects of the Queen—very loyal subjects they declare, simply—and so they wish to remain, but they do not want anything to happen which would interfere with their chiefships and the government of their own people by themselves. Such, then, is the mission which Khama heads, for he is better known here than either Sebele or Bathoen, although his status among the Bechuana is no whit higher than theirs. His part in the campaign against the Matabele, a campaign in which his men fought and bled, made his name—already familiar—a common word to us. He has seen a great deal of fighting in his time, and Sebele



## ANTIQUITIES OF THE COMMON PEOPLE.

BY ANDREW LANG.

What we call "folk-lore" Mr. Henry Bourne, M.A., of the chapel of All Saints, in Newcastle-on-Tyne, writing in 1725, called "The Antiquities of the Common People." He is condescending and affable. Where there is no harm in the antiquities, he would not put them down. Perhaps he knew that he could not put them down. For Mr. Bourne is well aware that neither Rome, nor Christianity, nor the Reformation, nor the Puritans could suppress some of these popular practices. Many of them are pagan and pre-Christian: the Church, the Reformers, the Cromwellian saints wrestled with them in vain.

The first antiquity is that of the Soul-Bell, or Passing-Bell, which is doubtless Christian. The passing bell, I fancy, was originally rung to frighten away evil spirits, who might beset the soul of the expiring Christian—*ut daemones tinnitu campanarum terrentur*, as Mr. Bourne cites a Catholic authority. The next theory was that the bell only summons us to pray for the soul, not of the dead (which is Romish and wrong), but of the dying (which is Anglican and orthodox). This doctrine Mr. Bourne opposes to the Brownists, who charged the English Church with keeping up the doctrine of purgatory. In a note, Mr. Bourne justly ridicules the practice of the Puritans. From 1643 to

"were scattered by husbands on the tombs of their dead wives."

As to bowing to the altar, Mr. Bourne writes, "We may observe the generality of old people among the commonalty as they enter into the church to turn their faces towards the altar, and bow or kneel that way." Thus this relic of old Catholic courtesies was, by 1725, confined to the old among the common people, to persons born, probably, before King James was walked out of his kingdom. The observance is now usual enough. It has ever been general to bury the dead facing the east, an obvious and harmless piece of symbolism. They await the day-spring from on high, but the English Dissenters picked a quarrel even with this attitude of hope, "as a silly fancy and idle dream, and the sectaries never would observe it were it not that they are sometimes obliged, but would act the very reverse, and bury north and south." Mr. Bourne finds opponents of a practice "which speaks the hope of the whole Christian Church" not only among Nonconformists, but among the nascent Low Church party in the Establishment.

As to Apparitions, the country folk on winter evenings talk of little else. "Herds and shepherds have all of them seen frequent apparitions, and are generally well stocked with stories of their own knowledge. Some of them have seen fairies, some spirits in the shapes of cows, dogs, and horses" where we cannot but suspect mistaken identity.

stories told he believes not one in a thousand. "We know that spirits have frequently appeared to men out of houses, and we can see no reason why they may not have appeared in them."

Here a curious point may be noted: the high-and-dry Anglican clergy, like Mr. Bourne, were all for keeping up pretty old customs and beliefs if not obviously "Popish." The Dissenters were set earnestly against whatever usage was beautiful but not Biblical; yet, as to ghosts and witches, the Dissenters and Scotch Presbyterians were almost or quite on the old Popish level of belief. Their Nonconformist saints worked miracles, beheld apparitions, wore halos, exorcised spirits, and persecuted witches. The Anglican clergy, on the whole, were in this matter far more modern, more tolerant, and more sceptical. Wesley carried the Methodist and Dissenting superstitions to an extreme pitch, from which the body of his followers have not quite climbed down. Mr. Bourne, in 1725, won't deny ghosts and haunts, because of Biblical parallels, which would prove awkward, but he has an unconcealed contempt for modern instances. He translates from F. Valerius Polidorus Patavinus a Latin form of exorcism used in haunted houses. "The opinion has reached even our days, and 'tis common for the present vulgar to say, 'None can lay a spirit but a Popish priest.'" As is well known, a spook killed the Presbyterian minister, Mr. Thomson, father



CAMEL CORPS AT WADI HALFEH, UPPER EGYPT.

Photo Arthur G. Ferard, Port Said.

This represents a detachment of the corps starting on a twelve-days' march through the Nubian desert from Wadi Halfeh to Kornsko. The men and camels were in such good condition and training that they reached Kornsko two days sooner than the time fixed for their arrival. The Camel Corps, it will be remembered, was first started at the time of the Nile Expedition.

1655, they would have no tolling of soul-bells at Newcastle. The saints were in power, and did not traffic with superstitions. What followed? Nobody paid for bells which were not tolled, "which much lessened the revenue of the Church." The vestry therefore, in 1655, consulted their minister as to whether there was any harm in the popular practice; he said, "Certainly not." So passing-bells were tolled as of yore, and money came in as aforetime. The English people, in short, did not like the Nonconformist conscience. Mr. Bourne says about the passing-bell, "It is certain they laid it aside because they thought it superstitious, and it is probable if they had not wanted money, they had not seen the contrary," which nobody can deny. Mr. Bourne very properly defends the kind old custom of praying for a neighbour about to affront the dreadful way of death, "whence the present national saying—

When the bell begins to toll  
Lord, have mercy on the soul!"

He adds appropriate orisons from Jeremy Taylor. At funerals, too, we should carry "ivy, or laurel, or rosemary, or some of these evergreens, as emblems of the soul's immortality." There was then a pretty custom "to hang a garland of flowers over the seats of deceased virgins, as a token of esteem and love, and an emblem of their reward in the Heavenly Church." Does this custom survive naturally anywhere in England? St. Jerome and St. Augustine are cited for the antiquity of the usage. Flowers, as in St. Jerome's day, we still lay on graves, and occasionally you see "No flowers" in obituary notices. "Violets, roses, lilies, and purple flowers," says St. Jerome,

Mr. Bourne concludes, illogically: "All this is either hearsay or a strong imagination. Not that there have not been and may not be apparitions"—for Mr. Bourne is orthodox—"but that almost all the stories of ghosts are grounded on no other bottom than the fears and fancies and weak brains of men," for Mr. Bourne is of the eighteenth century. The devil was then often viewed by the common people, whereas we only know one or two recent cases, and these on doubtful testimony. Mr. Bourne was told about living people in 1725 who had been prisoners for seven years among the fairies. Canny Newcastle has no such modern instances, and I doubt if even in Lochaber we could find one fairy prisoner out on ticket-of-leave. "The fairies are in the shape of men exceeding little; they are always clad in green; when they make cakes they are very noisy, and when they have done they are full of mirth and pastime." Mr. Bourne explains fairies as a survival of the heathen doctrine of *Lamiae*, and he is not far wrong. As to haunts, he hears of spirits condemned to walk in cold, windy places, and praying for a more comfortable beat—"by some well-grown hedge or in some shady vale." Within the last three years many educated observers have seen the spook of a clergyman—of the last century, to judge by his dress—on a road in a Border district. The wandering minister did not complain of his situation. Ten in the morning, in June, is his favourite hour for a stroll. As to haunted houses, Mr. Bourne says: "There are few villages which have not such a house either in it or near it." Mr. Bourne accepts haunted houses as very possible things, though among the

of the author of "The Seasons," when he tried to lay it. The Romish formula printed by Mr. Bourne needed a whole week for its complete observance. Finally a crucifix is erected in the principal room of the house, and the whole place is sprinkled with holy water, and the sign of the cross is made with a herb called abyssum; and if the spirits don't go, then it is high time the tenants went. Mr. Bourne says that in St. Augustine's time it sufficed to celebrate the communion, with prayer, in a haunted house, and he thinks the week-long services redundant.

Nonconformists everywhere repudiate the Concordat on the education question proposed by the Rev. Hugh Price Hughes at the Grindelwald Conference. There is still some doubt as to what Mr. Hughes really meant, but the utterances in this Conference are coming to be regarded with considerable irritation and suspicion.

The Sultan of Turkey has, in the midst of all his anxiety, contrived to receive many distinguished visitors at Yildiz. The Count of Flanders, accompanied by his son Prince Albert, were honoured with an audience in a chalet near the Palace, and on them his Majesty conferred the Star of the Osmanieh Order set in brilliants. Sir Philip Currie, the British Ambassador, has not been very well lately, suffering from inflammation of the throat, and the Sultan has been constantly and politely inquiring as to his condition. A British officer who fought in the Crimean War, Major-General Kent, has been accorded the privilege of an interview with the Sultan.





A HOLIDAY FOR THE CREW...





AN INDIAN MONEY-CHANGER.



## LITERATURE.

## A STORY BY SARNIA.

BY MRS. W. K. CLIFFORD.

*A White Umbrella, and Other Stories.* By Sarnia, author of "Soul-Shapes." (Fisher Unwin).—The new Pseudonym is by Sarnia, author of a queer little book called "Soul-Shapes." Few people came across it, I imagine; those who did have ticketed their friends by it ever since.

But that little book was speculative, this little book is fiction; not very original fiction, yet worth reading, for Sarnia has a manner of her own and a curious gift of description. This gift strikes me as being very good indeed: she might have displayed more of it to the profit of the book. The place she describes is simply there before you. At first it is bare; then bits of colour, greys and blacks mostly, many shadows, and, after a pause, a burst of sunshine are added; and every touch tells. It is like a naked child that a woman begins to dress: each garment as she puts it on becomes a part of the living thing, and helps to make it more natural to our eyes; so here each added detail is a real one, and falls into place as belonging to the picture. The actual story is slight. The characters are two—the inevitable he and she. The scene is laid at Wrexford, on the sea-coast, a desolate place, consisting of—

A prim-looking little inn, built partly of wood and partly of grey stone, standing on the rough, shingly shore, facing the sea, and a collection of four or five fishermen's cottages with tarred boat-huts, dilapidated fences, and general rubbish of broken boats, nets, and empty tins scattered about them, toned down by wind and weather to look as if they had grown on the shore by some process of nature instead of having been planted there by the hand of man.

To the inn comes Mrs. Lindsay, a widow of thirty, for a fortnight's rest. She is poor, and does translations, if not for daily bread (her hundred and fifty pounds a year provides her with that) at least for daily butter. She has one child, a boy, who is staying with his grandfather so that her rest may be the more complete. A remembrance of Wrexford, which she had once passed with her husband, has brought her to it, but when she arrives she is chilled and disappointed. It is almost dark, and has been raining: the atmosphere of the sitting-room, "with its fusty furniture and paraffin-lamp, mingled with a fishy, sea-weedy smell from the open window, seemed to saturate her." There is only one other visitor at the inn—an impressionist artist, whose name we are not told. These two have the entire place to themselves: it is more dangerous than a country house, or even than board ship. They make acquaintance, and are soon intimate friends. She abuses his pictures, declares she does not know which side up to hold them: when the sunshine comes, she insists on his painting beneath a white umbrella. He admires her verses (which was really noble of him, for though they are not given here, we all know those verses), and he eats a great deal of jam when she invites him to tea. At the end of the fortnight he proposes, and is refused because she has a boy to bring up, and he a younger brother to look after. They go their separate ways, and on the last page, after a chance meeting, she is left crying.

Both characters are slightly but clearly outlined. The woman is a little grave and quiet; the man is a good fellow and not a bit feminine, which is a feather in Sarnia's cap. But why did not the woman take him? She liked him, and though it is true she had "with passionate fervour dedicated herself to the work of educating her boy as his father would have wished," she does not appear to have been passionately in love with her husband; she had not vowed herself to widowhood, nor was she a Positivist. She was free to have the courage of her heart. They could have done their separate work yet lived their lives together. A woman's greatest gamble in life (though it is not her only gamble, as the old-fashioned folk would have us believe, for happily many things besides sentiment interest her nowadays) is for the love of the man she likes best. Love on its highest level, thorough and exclusive, is often absolutely sufficient to the intellectual woman: marriage and its obligations strike her as a wearisome prospect; but even this romantic background to her life was denied Mrs. Lindsay. The painter, who from the first took his refusal like a man, seems to have quite got over it when he meets her again. He offers one or two regretful remarks, it is true; but any man, with a sense of what is due to a woman and a situation, would do that as a matter of course. We are told in a half-hearted manner that he tried to make her listen to him again, but it is evident that even the author does not

believe it. No: Mrs. Lindsay felt herself "left out," and that is always disheartening—hence her tears. Lucky for us that she was, or we should not have had this quiet little story, with its strange air of reality and its picturesque scraps of description; we should not know Wrexford as we do now; or every shadow and stone, and burst of sunshine, and battered sardine-tin on its shingly beach—without even the bore of taking a ticket nor any waste of time. There are two other stories in the volume, but they are not so good: "A Ballet in the Skies" (excellent title) is too pretty; it is like a floral pantomime or one of those glorified Christmas-cards that pull out and are "made in Germany." The other is called "The Players," and is clever, but a little tiresome. But each of them shows imagination and in a different direction. That is saying a good deal.

## PROFESSOR DOWDEN'S NEW VOLUME.

BY FRANCIS ESPINASSE.

*New Studies in Literature.* By Edward Dowden, Professor of English Literature in the University of Dublin; Clerk Lecturer in English Literature, Trinity College, Cambridge. (Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner and Co., Limited, 1895).—Professor Dowden has done well to republish the essays and lectures collected in this interesting volume. Its contents exhibit the qualities and merits with which those who know anything of him as an author are already familiar. His intellectual sympathies are strong as well as wide, and his appreciation of poetic and other literary excellence is almost intense. The Professor's flowing style is, as usual, full of animation and colour, and is made the vehicle for many a pregnant thought and happy simile.



THE CHURCH WHERE SHAKSPERE IS BURIED AT STRATFORD-ON-AVON.

From the "Album" for Sept. 23.

The volume consists mainly of critical essays on the poems of John Donne, Coleridge, George Meredith, and Robert Bridges, and on the prose of Edmond Scherer and other chiefs of modern French criticism, with a fascicle of very striking papers on Goethe, viewed under some of the most interesting of his many aspects. In his case, as in that of Donne and Coleridge, Professor Dowden brings to bear, skilfully and suggestively, his favourite theory, that the writings of a distinguished author should, whenever possible, be studied in their connection with his biography, so that the story of his life may be made a luminous running commentary on his works. This theory the Professor has applied with remarkable success in the essays and lectures on Goethe; and it is pleasant to see that one of these lectures, on Goethe's friendship with Schiller, was delivered before a Goethe Society existing in a great industrial centre so busy and practical as Manchester. With the exception, perhaps, of "Faust," the work of Goethe best known in this country is "Wilhelm Meister's Apprenticeship," a translation of which was one of the earliest of Carlyle's notable appearances in the world of letters. Much that is enigmatic in this singular book is cleared up by Professor Dowden, through connecting it with Goethe's biography. The practical duties, it is shown, that Goethe had to perform as an administrator at Weimar, under its Grand Duke, cured him of Wertherism. The lesson thus learned was embodied in the career of Wilhelm Meister, reconciled as he becomes, after many illusions, to effort and action in this workaday world. In the paper on "Goethe in Italy" is admirably set forth the influence exerted on him by his strenuous study of Italian art, which forced him to forget himself in the contemplation, in the earnest study, of its masterpieces, and bestowed on him a serenity sometimes mistaken for frigidity. In the paper on "Goethe and the French Revolution," which is full of novelty as well as interest, Professor Dowden sketches with much acumen Goethe's twofold relation to that memorable phenomenon. On the one hand, he proclaimed to those of his countrymen, and there were many such, who longed to imitate

the French, that the well-doing of the individual, each in his own sphere, was far preferable to the indulgence of hopes based on a general social overturn. On the other hand, he did not hesitate to indicate his conviction that a great lesson had been read to the upper classes of Germany by the French Revolution, and that they ought to profit by it. The cycle of dramas and tales which Professor Dowden has analysed in order to elucidate Goethe's attitude towards the French Revolution, is little known in England, even to students of the great German; and Professor Dowden deserves their thanks for the light which he has thrown on so interesting a subject. Altogether these papers are among the most valuable aids that have been given in England to the study and right understanding of Goethe, and they testify not only to Professor Dowden's ability and insight, but to his industry in having mastered whatever is really valuable in the enormous mass of Goethe literature accumulated and still accumulating in the poet-philosopher's Fatherland.

## THE ALBUM.

The accompanying Illustration of the famous church of Stratford-on-Avon is borrowed from a splendid supplement, entitled "In Shakspeare's Country," which appears in the *Album* for Sept. 23. This weekly illustrated paper has obtained very quickly an assured position among high-class publications, and the wide variety of its contents is no doubt responsible for its speedy success. In the *Album* for Sept. 23, besides the beautiful supplement mentioned, there is a new panel portrait of Mr. Forbes-Robertson, whose name is to the front as our latest Romeo; and a most interesting interview with Madame Antoinette Sterling is another feature. Pages are devoted to "Mere Gossip"; charming pictures of children accompany Mrs. Meynell's delightful weekly article on "Child-Life"; the sportsman is considered by that versatile athlete Max Pemberton; and a complete story, a literary causerie, an article on art, and some excellent dramatic notes figure in each issue of the *Album*. The production of such a paper marks the marvellous advance of photography, printing, and process-work.

## A POLITICIAN AS STORY-TELLER.

*Some Old Love Stories.* By T. P. O'Connor. (Chapman and Hall.)—

Mr. T. P. O'Connor is nothing if not sympathetic, and in these love stories he has found a theme congenial to his tastes. We should say that the charm of these fascinating tales is due as much to warm human sympathy as to the picturesque prose in which they are presented. Mr. O'Connor has an unerring sense of the picturesque. There are two or three historical portraits in this book most animated and vivid. Take,

for example, the splendid picture of Mirabeau, "that devil of a fellow who has retained as great a hold on the affections as on the admiration of succeeding generations." It is simply instinct with life. No unworthy companion to the "lion-hearted" is Abraham Lincoln, who, as depicted to us in the isolation of his loveless home, is a figure to haunt the memory. Mr. O'Connor has much to say about heredity, and in his own graphic manner shows us the workings of that "iron and relentless law." Above and before all things he is a champion of women. His judgments are, on the whole, sound and sane. The women who move through his pages are treated with loving tenderness and instinctive sympathy, whether they be of high or low degree. Because he is first moved himself, he is able to move his readers by his description of Sophie de Monnier, "the hapless and erring woman, who belonged to that race of women that is fore-doomed"; of dazzling Marie Antoinette, who belonged more to her sex than her rank, of whom one of her pages said that it would have come as naturally to every man to bring forward a throne to her as to offer a chair to any other woman. The throbbing essay on the Carlyles is a magnificent vindication of a gifted, suffering, much misunderstood woman. Mr. O'Connor pours scorn on those critics of Froude who denounced the historian for unmasking the silent tragedy of the Carlyle household. Froude has really only compelled a tardy act of reparation to an injured woman's memory. As Mr. O'Connor puts it, one of the results of the "Memoirs" has been to make us understand that the woman whom the mighty genius and the arrogant selfishness of Carlyle so overshadowed was almost his equal in literary gifts and vastly his superior in courage, unselfishness, and generally in character. To have suppressed the picture of Mrs. Carlyle dead would have been an ignoble addition to the wrong which had been done to the living woman. One cannot but regret that Mr. O'Connor should have added to them a story that consorts ill with the rest—that, namely, dealing with William Hazlitt and Sarah Walker, "whose lips were common as the stairs."



## ANECDOTAL EUROPE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "AN ENGLISHMAN IN PARIS."

After the Franco-German War it was calculated that the proportion of killed to the bullets spent in endeavouring to kill them was as 1 to 1300. Since then the Mandlicher, the Lebel, and the other firearms in use in the various armies of the world have been improved. The marksmanship of the soldiers themselves has been brought to a greater degree of perfection; at Bisley and all over Europe there are yearly rifle contests, in which the winners of cups and challenge shields are "chaired"; the autumn manoeuvres in the different countries are attended by special and able correspondents, at whose disposal the equally able editors of their respective papers hold about a column and a half per. day during the period of those manoeuvres; every now and again we hear of a couple of regiments being added to the strength of this or that army; and the inventor of a new weapon of destruction which would prove superior to those already in existence would simply make an enormous fortune.

Meanwhile the news comes from Switzerland that Joseph Dunant is dragging out a miserable existence, that he has scarcely enough to keep body and soul together. I am not given to betting, nor is this the paper to insert challenges; nevertheless, with the permission of my editor, I should not have minded proposing a wager that out of every hundred educated readers of *The Illustrated London News* there are not two who without consulting a book of reference could tell one who is Joseph Dunant. Joseph Dunant is simply the man to whom the world owes the Geneva Convention and the Society of the Geneva Cross.

Joseph Dunant is a literary man verging upon seventy, more than half of whose life has been spent in minimising the horrors of modern warfare. Alphonse Karr said that the world bestows crosses on those who kill, and only medals on those who save life, and I am not even aware that Joseph Dunant has a medal to distinguish him outwardly from the rest of his fellow-men. That, after all, would constitute a minor neglect on the part of the sovereigns of the world, inasmuch as the disc of silver or gold, if it had been bestowed, would probably have had to be parted with to buy himself bread. It is the bread that ought not to have been lacking to this benefactor of mankind.

I am not of those who prate about peace in face of the increasing armaments of Europe, and having seen war from very near, I do not pity the man who is killed outright and on the spot in the defence of his country, and this irrespective of the cause of the quarrel itself. The most obscure soldier, slain on the battle-field and huddled away in a forgotten grave, is to me as glorious as a Moltke, a Napoleon, or a Wellington. At the sight of his stark, lifeless body I may stop for a moment to give a sympathetic thought to the parents whose hope and joy he was, to the orphan and the widow who will be deprived of his strong arm to support them through life, but *à la guerre comme à la guerre*, and the millennium will not come at my asking.

What is much more dreadful than the sight of the dead on the battle-field is the sight of the wounded, the sound of their groans, the spectacle of their efforts to snatch themselves out of the jaws of death. He who has witnessed such a scene once is never likely to forget it; and ever afterwards a regiment in all the glory of its brilliant accoutrement, with its band and drum-major at its head, with its leader prancing and its flag flying, is a source of sorrow—not of delight. But if he be a man of the world, he comes immediately to the conclusion that the regiment—

nay, a number of them—is a necessity, and his thoughts revert to the Florence Nightingales, the Joseph Dunants, whose spirits, even if they be alive, hover over those regiments, and that their presence and their efforts mean redemption—vicarious redemption of a necessary crime.

Will Europe let Joseph Dunant die in poverty? Will it not endeavour to cheer the last years—perhaps the last months—of a life that took no thought for self? And we who are so ready to reward prowess, wherever and whenever displayed, with subscriptions, can we not set the example and take the initiative in brightening the end of an existence than which there was no nobler on the face of God's earth?

## HOP-PICKING IN KENT.

In spite of the unremunerative nature of his business, the much-enduring Kentish farmer still continues to lay out annually large sums of money on the culture of that most picturesque, most costly, and most capricious of farm products—the hop crop. With indomitable enterprise and perseverance, and in the face of innumerable difficulties, he manfully wages war against the countless insect-pests that from spring to autumn threaten him with ruin, and the result is that many thousands of our poor Londoners are still enabled to break the monotony of



L. How Clarke and Co., Maidstone.

Hon. Vera Dyng. Mr. Evelyn S. Seymour. Viscountess Torrington.  
LADY HOP-PICKERS.

Mr. T. Edwards (La. Liff).

their joyless existence by a few weeks' health-giving picnic in the beautiful Garden of England. The ingathering of this season's crop is now proceeding apace, and judging from the rapid manner in which the gardens are being cleared, it seems but too probable that the lower estimates of the total yield will prove to be the most accurate. The quality of the hops, however, is all that can be desired by the most fastidious of brewers, the tropical weather recently experienced having imbued the healthy cones, on rich and generously cultivated soils, with more brewing quality or "condition" than has been met with for many years. The Illustration we give depicts one of the most favoured spots in mid-Kent—the Yotes Court Farm, Mereworth—where Viscountess Torrington, by high class farming, is generally successful in producing one of the choicest little growths in the district.

The Bibliographical Conference, which has been sitting in Brussels, has considered the question of founding an International Institute of Bibliography, having for its object the study of all questions relating to the science of book knowledge. Another point which the Conference discussed was the adoption of a universal and international bibliographical classification. It is to be hoped that some step will be taken in both these useful directions, for there is the greatest need of such systemisation. It has been said that "to let an inquirer loose in the British Museum, or even in the Guildhall Library, is like placing him in the centre of a dense forest and leaving him to find his way out as best he can." Compared with other European countries, notably Germany and France, Great Britain is far behind the standard to which it ought to attain.

## ECCLESIASTICAL NOTES.

The following is one of "Peter Lombard's" good and true stories—

There is a Bishop, and a very excellent one too, who went for a confirmation to the village of Exwy, and as it is a good way from the railway, and the Bishop had other work in the neighbourhood, he thankfully accepted the hospitality of a young matron, who had just married, but was a little ostentatious of her riches. She adorned his room with an elaborate toilet-set of solid silver that included more than a dozen pieces. The Bishop, his visit ended, went away, but the silver toilet-set could not be found. It was not in bedroom or dressing-room, and the lady's astonishment was great. Her annoyance was equally great, and for two days she wondered whether the Bishop had supposed it was a present. On the third day she summoned up courage to write and ask him whether his valet had packed it up with his luggage, and it had been overlooked in unpacking. The Bishop answered promptly by telegram, "Am poor, but honest. Look in the table-drawer." She did so, and there it was. By next post came a letter from the Bishop explaining that he had put the rich articles away, and had forgotten to tell her that he travelled with a very simple set of his own, and the silver outlay dazzled him so much that he was anxious to put it out of sight.

The Rev. E. S. Gibson, Principal of Wells Theological College, who has accepted the vicarage of Leeds, is a good scholar, and in the *Expositor* and elsewhere has made important contributions to theological learning. He was for four years in Leeds—from 1876 to 1880—and has been fifteen years Principal at Wells College, which has prospered much under his care. Mr. Gibson is a good preacher, and a decided High Churchman.

The Bishop of Rochester intends to say a few farewell words in St. Saviour's Church, Southwark, on Friday, Sept. 20. The new Bishop, Dr. Talbot, will be consecrated on St. Luke's Day, Oct. 18.

A clergyman writes to protest against founding sermons on a misleading rendering of texts in the Authorised Version. "A few examples which occur at the moment of writing will suffice as illustrations—'through a glass darkly,' 'the effectual fervent prayer of a righteous man,' 'not slothful in business,' 'be ye followers of God.'"

Each of the words italicised might, if pressed in their ordinary and popular sense, misrepresent the Church meaning of the original."

At the Roman Catholic Conference in Bristol the Archbishop of Canterbury's letter on Reunion was discussed. The Rev. Luke Rivington said that it was in the spirit of submission and docility that one must seek for truth in the Catholic Church. Unless man had come to the point when he was prepared to prostrate himself before the footstool of the Divine Teacher, he could not enter into the Church. Cardinal Vaughan said that in the Church "Jesus shall be adored, and Mary honoured; where the Mother and the Child shall be inseparably worshipped by you with that perfect adoration due to God."

It is said that the use of incense has been stamped out in the diocese of Canterbury.

Bishop Yeatman, after some hesitation, has consented to continue to be Suffragan at the request of the Bishop-designate of Rochester.

The Rev. Arthur Carr, Vicar of Addington, has been appointed examining chaplain to the Archbishop of Canterbury. Mr. Carr is an accomplished scholar, and has done excellent work in commenting on the New Testament.

Dr. Story, the ex-Moderator of the Church of Scotland, and a decided advocate of established churches, writes to the *Scotsman* that he found one point of agreement with a Nonconformist. Both condemned the cruelty of their hotel manager in not keeping beer on tap. It had to be bought in bottles at nearly three times the price it was sold at in beer-gardens!



## THE LAND OF THE GOLDEN NUGGET

A VISIT TO THE WEST AUSTRALIAN GOLD-FIELDS  
BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST MR. JULIUS M. PRICE.

Albany, Western Australia, July 25, 1895.

A voyage to Australia nowadays is so ordinary an occurrence that it would be supererogation to attempt to make copy out of what must be the usual experiences of the "traveller" by any of the palatial steamers which connect the nethermost ends of the earth. Ocean travel has so improved during the last forty years that a run out to the Antipodes nowadays partakes rather of the nature of a yachting cruise than a tedious experience, and is startling in its contrast to what we read of the tedium of the dreary voyages in the old sailing ships of the early sixties, and which, in addition to their monotony, were more often than not encompassed by every conceivable danger.

I do not, therefore, propose to describe the particular voyage to Australia of the P. and O. steam-ship *Oceana*, on board of which, accompanied by my old friend Nevill, I found myself on June 21, 1895, bound for King George's Sound.

From Albany on the coast to Perth the capital, and thence to the gold-fields, I need scarcely say, is all plain

A peep in at "Gib," giving time for a drive round to get a rough idea of that wonderful fortification, a few hours on shore in Malta, then on to sleepy Brindisi, and from there a delightful run down the Greek coast and across the blue Mediterranean to busy Port Said, the home of the "riff-raff and the donkey-boy," thence on through the Canal, a truly wonderful and weird voyage on a moonlight night, with the deadly stillness of the vast desert so close to one on either hand. Passing Ismailia in the early glow of the Egyptian morning, looking like some huge painting in the still air against the brightening sky, then on to Suez, where only a very short stay is made, we went down the Red Sea (which on this particular occasion scarcely seemed up to its reputation in the matter of heat, though quite warm enough to be comfortable). After a few hours on shore at Aden, with a run up to "Camp," and a hasty peep at the picturesque native village, we crossed the Indian Ocean, through a nasty bit of monsoon weather, to Colombo, where a day was spent in the midst of tropical surroundings.

The first glimpse of the coast of Western Australia as obtained in the cold grey light of a winter morning is certainly somewhat depressing, and as we stand shivering on the damp deck we find ourselves regretting the lovely summer weather we have left so few days before. Once, however, past Cape Leeuwin, and as King George's Sound is neared, the desolate-looking shores improve somewhat in appearance, and as the rising sun gradually sheds a golden

The fort, recently constructed, and which commands the entrance to the Sound, consists of three batteries, armed with three six-inch R.B.L. guns mounted *en barbette*, and six nine-pounder field-guns for the defence of the nine fields. These guns, which were a present to the colony from the Mother-country, arrived from England in March 1893. The garrison of this small though immensely important stronghold consists of a company of garrison artillery from South Australia with a nominal strength of thirty of all ranks, under the command of an artillery officer nominated by the Imperial War Office, and appears a ridiculously insignificant force in comparison with the importance of the position. The cost of living in Albany being so high, any augmentation of the garrison at the fort would mean a large increase of annual expenditure; otherwise, possibly, this position would be utilised as a good training ground for the entire artillery force of the Colonies with much advantage. While, however, to a very great extent the want of energy noticeable in Albany is attributable possibly to the climate, which is somewhat enervating, there are other causes which have to a great extent brought about this state of affairs. One of the chief reasons seems to be the Government scheme for making Fremantle the port of call for all the mail steamers. This would to an alarming extent sap the vitality of the south-western portion of the colony, of which Albany is the chief town. The motion which was proposed by the Premier,



TO THE LAND OF THE GOLDEN NUGGET: A HOT NIGHT IN THE RED SEA—ON THE SALOON DECK OF THE "OCEANA."

Sketch by our Special Artist Mr. Julius M. Price.

sailing; but as to the wilds beyond, nothing of any definite nature could be ascertained. By dint, however, of much inquiring, we at length, with the assistance of an old squatter, got together an outfit which seemed well adapted to meet any emergency, and it may be of interest to describe of what it consisted: a very light canvas tent, with large double fly-roof, fitted with mosquito-net lining, portable folding table, lantern, canvas bath, bucket, and the usual ground sheets and other paraphernalia; one of Poore's American cooking-stoves (similar to one I had used in the Gobi Desert, and which had proved invaluable) fitted with a complete set of tin cooking and table requisites; camel-hair rugs and cork mattresses. Our wardrobes, which were contained in soft leather mule-pack valises, consisted of complete outfits, from white "ducks," karki suits, and terai hats, to the thickest homespuns and underclothing, mosquito head-dresses, goggles, thick brown shooting-boots and canvas leggings, a compass, an aneroid barometer, a reliable revolver apiece, two 12-bore breechloaders, and last, but not least, a carefully thought-out medicine-chest, fitted up by Burroughs and Wellcome with their excellent drugs in tabloid form. This, combined with a Kodak camera and our painting and sketching materials, completed our equipment.

The voyage out was nothing less than a delightful holiday, for how could it be otherwise in one of the P. and O. Company's ships, and with so charming a commander as Captain Stewart?

huc on the rugged expanse of precipitous bush-covered headlands, the effect for a few minutes strongly recalls parts of far-away England. But the illusion is only momentary, for as far as the eye can see there is only of human handiwork, nothing to break the aspect of perennial solitude which appears to reign over the land.

Steaming steadily down the coast, we at length sight the headland known as Cape Vancouver, at the entrance to King George's Sound. Here the coast-line, receding rapidly, forms a magnificent natural harbour, opening out of which through a narrow entrance at the farther end is the beautiful land-locked bay known as Princess Royal Harbour, on the northern shore of which nestles the picturesque little town of Albany.

On a nearer inspection Albany improves considerably, for its somewhat scattered and disjointed appearance as seen from the bay is dispelled on landing. Its well-planned streets, though as yet only in embryo, promise to look remarkably well when completed; most of them have a background of rocky and well-wooded hills.

A very short walk through the town soon, however, reveals the fact that energy is not one of the salient virtues of its inhabitants, for it would be difficult to imagine anything more inert than the aspect of the streets. From what I learnt, it appears that the people only rouse themselves into activity on the arrival of the different steamers which call in here, and as soon as these are departed they lapse again into a state of somnolence.

Sir John Forrest, at the Postal Conference in Hobart this year, "that as soon as Fremantle be made a safe and commodious harbour, the mail steamers be compelled to make it their port of call instead of Albany," produced quite a panic in the town. Against this, however, there seems every probability of coal being found in close proximity to King George's Sound. This, if verified, would, so I was informed, completely revolutionise the entire shipping trade of the whole of Australia. For Albany is the first Australian port of call for vessels coming from Europe, and the last port for vessels leaving Australia.

Albany, I learnt, owes a deep debt of gratitude to a Mr. Corbet, a practical coal-mining expert, for his persistent efforts to open the first mine. Realising the vast importance of such a discovery, the Government have at length come to the assistance of Mr. Corbet by lending a boring-machine and supplying funds to test the country thoroughly. To the enterprise also of the Great Southern Railway Company will be due in a great measure the future prosperity of Albany and the district through which their line passes, which contains some of the best agricultural land in the colony.

Social life in the tiny township is naturally limited, considering its inhabitants scarcely number three thousand. That latest of latter-day institutions, "the club," is here a most well-appointed institution, whose members thoroughly uphold the West Australian traditions of hospitality to the strangers within their gates.





MOTHER'S JOY.

*By Rene San Varoni.*



## SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

BY DR. ANDREW WILSON.

Of late days cases of poisoning by foods of various kinds which had developed, from one cause or another, virulent properties, have been remarkably frequent. It is, of course, known that meat, game, fish, and the like are apt to undergo injurious changes in hot weather especially, such changes resulting in the production of poisonous principles known as *ptomaines*. Whether such principles are the direct result of germ-growth, or whether they represent in themselves some more purely chemical changes occurring in the course of the meat decomposition, is an open question. Whatever their origin, these ptomaines are very poisonous, and may produce a fatal result in an exceedingly short space of time.

The warning which I have given in this column in previous years may be repeated now in the face of these summer and autumnal cases of food-poisoning. This warning teaches that all tinned foods should be consumed as speedily as possible after they have been opened. It is the exposure of these foods to the air, and the consequent development of ptomaines, which have to be guarded against. Most foods are safe enough when eaten in a fresh state, but the slightest taint of decomposition, often imperceptible to ordinary senses, may render them highly dangerous. Also, there may be a more than special liability for foods to "go to the bad" which have been long preserved and hermetically sealed. Be this as it may, there is great safety in the observance of the rule to use such foods quickly, and so long as they are in a freshly opened stage only. I might add that the layer of food which is next the tin should not be eaten.

A report has been of late extensively circulated to the effect that a microbe has been isolated and cultivated which, when added to milk, expedites in a marked manner the changes which favour the production of butter. If this discovery be capable of being applied practically, it will lighten the work of the dairyman in no small degree. Milk, as we all know, is a perfect breeding ground for germ-life, and one of the triumphs of science in the domain of the dairy has been the work of "pasteurisation." By this term is meant the sterilising of the milk by the destruction of the microbes it contains. Although many of these germs are, no doubt, of harmless character, we can never be quite certain when circumstances may cause certain of them to develop noxious powers and qualities. Therefore, the work of making milk barren and sterile as regards its germ-life, is to be regarded as a measure of sanitary safety of no ordinary kind.

That this is so can be proved by statistics, which do not seem to be open to the inevitable remark that you may make figures prove anything. Thus, investigations of exact character prove that, on an average, the pasteurising of milk kills over 99 per cent. of the bacteria the milk originally contains. Among these microbes, we must not fail to remember, there may fall to be included the germs of diphtheria, of typhoid fever, and other ailments. Equally important is the observation that when milk is pasteurised, we observe a marked diminution in the tendency to the infant cholera of hot weather which is so fatal to children under the age of one year. This ailment in large centres of population is often present to an alarming extent, and no doubt exists that injurious conditions, represented in the milk, form the chief cause of the disease. I mention these facts to encourage the growth of the idea that pasteurised milk should form in this country an article of common dairy commerce, as it does abroad. We may derive much encouragement from the fact that the infant mortality of New York has been greatly reduced by the use of sterilised milk; and as that city formerly enjoyed an unenviable reputation for the high death-rate among young children, the improvement can be traced the more directly to the use of sterilised milk, which, I understand, was supplied gratuitously to the poor through the liberality of a very practical philanthropist, Mr. Nathan Straus.

The late Professor Huxley on one occasion wrote that, with reference to investigations into the scientific history of the events recorded in the early chapters of Genesis, there was a tendency of old to stop such inquiries by the simple expedient of putting up a metaphorical sign, bearing the legend, "No Thoroughfare. By order, Moses." The allusion may hold good, it appears to me, for many other investigations and researches of these latter days. A revival of my correspondence of the last few weeks induces me to believe that the "silly season" leaves its influence on many departments of thought other than topics of the "big gooseberry" and the "sea-serpent" kind. For example, I have received several letters—some courteous, others abusive—to the effect that experimentation on animals is indefensible, immoral, and useless. It is clear that one is not to be permitted to entertain any opinion of one's own on the matter. "No Thoroughfare. By order, Jane Snooks," is one of the flats which would close this particular avenue of scientific investigation. Another letter talks of "vaccination drive." This cannot apply to me, I fear, for I have made no comments whatever upon vaccination of late days. But, again, "No Thoroughfare. By order, Thomas Jones," settles the matter for my correspondent.

A lady tells me (referring to my criticism on Lady Muinster's ghost story) that I am "certain to be ranked with the army of lost souls," because of my attempts to explain, on a scientific basis, the spectral illusions of sane people. "No Thoroughfare. By order, Jemima Robinson," is the end of the matter here. Finally, I am asked why I have refused to take notice of a prophecy (of which I have not even heard) that the end of the world will be reached in 1906. The lady who writes on this subject refers me to the Book of Daniel for proof of her views. I am an extremely patient person, and doubtless I stand much in need of the sweetness and light wherewith my correspondent is endowed, but "No Thoroughfare (after 1906). By order, Daniel," is, I freely admit, something beyond my intelligence and comprehension.

## CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor.

WALTER LEWIS (Swansea).—We regret wasting your time, but unfortunately we are not infallible. The defence of B to B 7th is against the author's solution; against your proposed solution of 1. Kt takes P (ch) the answer is K takes B, discovering check, and there is no mate next move.

F A CARTER, S J B, AND J Q M.—See notice to W. Lewis above.

F HEPBURN (Sutton).—The solution has not been published, but it commences with 1. Kt to B 4th.

HENRY A. WOOD.—There is another solution to your problem by 1. Kt to K 3rd, K moves; 2. Q to Kt 4th (ch); and if 1. B moves, then 2. Q to K B 3rd, etc.

CHEVALIER DESANGES.—If Black play 2. P takes Kt, we see no mate in two more moves.

F PROCTER.—Your problem is correct, but hardly interesting enough for publication.

F WALLER (Luton).—Black's third move should be P to Q 3rd; not as printed, P to Q R 3rd. It was in reference to the former our note was written.

CORRECT SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2670 received from E C Uthoff (Mungindi, Queensland); of No. 2683 from W R Raillem, J Bailey (Newark), J F Moon, Captain J A Challice (Great Yarmouth), E G Boys, Vivian E Young, Castle Lea, E, and Dr. Waltz (Heidelberg).

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2684 received from E G Boys W R Raillem, Mrs. Kelly (of Kelly), J S Wesley (Exeter), Dr. F St, C E Perugini, L Stephens, H Rodney, J E Gordon, Sorrento, G Douglas Angus, W P Hind, E E H, H H Brooks, F J Candy, Oliver Iengla, M Burke, Alpha, F James (Wolverhampton), H S Brandreth, E Spiegelberg (Engelberg), J D Tucker (Leeds), F Waller (Luton), J F Moon, Alice Gooding (Chingford), T G Ware, W Wright, F A Carter (Maldon), Z Ingold (Frampton), Castle Lea, D G R, Mrs. Wilson (Hlymouth), Dr. Waltz (Heidelberg), R Worters (Canterbury), H T Atterbury, Shadforth, G T Hughes (Athy), and T Roberts.

## SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2683.—By W. T. PIERCE.

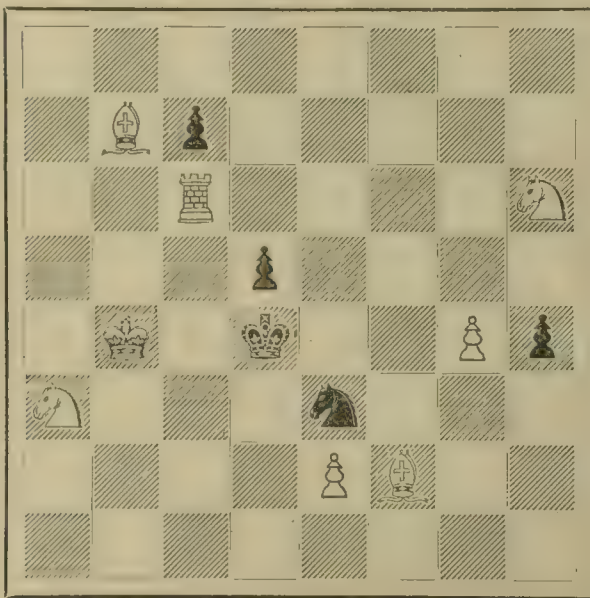
WHITE. BLACK.  
1. Q to R 3rd K to K 7th  
2. Q to Kt 3rd K moves  
3. Q or B mates.

If Black play 1. K to Q 8th, 2. Q to B sq (ch); and if 1. K to B 8th, then 2. Q to Q B 3rd, K moves; 3. Q mates.

## PROBLEM No. 2686.

By F. W. PARKES.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in three moves.

## CHESS AT HASTINGS.

Game played in the Tournament between Messrs. H. N. PILLSBURY and A. BERN.

(Queen's Gambit declined.)

WHITE (Mr. P.)	BLACK (Mr. B.)	WHITE (Mr. P.)	BLACK (Mr. B.)
1. P to Q 4th	P to Q 4th	20. B takes P (ch)	K takes B
2. P to Q B 4th	P to K 3rd	21. Kt to Kt 5th (ch)	K to Kt sq
3. Kt to Q B 3rd	Kt to K B 3rd	22. R to K R 3rd	
4. B to Kt 5th	B to K 2nd	23. Q to R 4th	Q to K sq
5. P to K 3rd	P to Q 3rd	24. Kt to R 7th (ch)	K to B sq
6. Kt to B 3rd	P to Q Kt 3rd	25. Kt to B 6th (ch)	K to Kt sq
7. R to Q B sq	P to Kt 2nd		
8. P takes P	Kt takes P		
9. B takes B	Q takes B		
10. Kt takes Kt	B takes Kt		
11. B to Q 3rd	R to B sq		
12. P to K 4th	B to Kt 2nd		
13. Castles	Kt to Q 2nd		
14. Q to K 2nd	P to Q R 3rd		
15. R to B 3rd	P to Q B 3rd		
16. K R to B sq	P to Q Kt 4th		
17. Q to K 3rd	R to B 2nd		
18. Q to K B 4th	Q R to Q B sq		
19. P to K 5th	P to Q B 4th		
		23. Kt takes Q	K to B sq
			Resigns.

The real interest begins at this point.

## Game played between Messrs. W. H. POLLOCK and TARRASCH.

WHITE (Mr. P.)	BLACK (Dr. T.)	WHITE (Mr. P.)	BLACK (Dr. T.)
1. P to K 4th	P to K 3rd	11. Kt to Q 2nd	K P takes P
2. P to K 5th		12. P takes P	B to K 2nd
3. P to Q 3rd	P to K B 3rd	13. Kt to K B 3rd	K to Q sq
4. P takes P	Kt takes P	14. B to K Kt 5th	Q to B 2nd
5. B takes B	Q takes B	15. B takes B (ch)	Kt (at Kt sq) takes B
6. P to Q 4th	P to K B 3rd	16. Q to Q 2nd	P to K R 3rd
7. P to Q 3rd	P to Q B 4th	17. Kt to K 5th	Kt takes Kt
8. P to K Kt 4th	P to K B 4th	18. P takes Kt	P to Q Kt 3rd
9. Castles		19. Kt to B 4th	
10. P takes P	Q takes P		
11. P to Q 4th	P to K 4th (ch)		
12. P to Q 3rd	Q takes K P (ch)		
13. Kt to K 3rd	Q takes K P (ch)		
14. Kt to K 2nd	Kt to Q B 3rd		
15. Castles	B to B 4th		
16. R to K sq	Q to B 3rd		

## Game played between Messrs. TSCHIGORIN and JANOWSKI.

(Vienna Game.)

WHITE (Mr. T.)	BLACK (Mr. J.)	WHITE (Mr. T.)	BLACK (Mr. J.)
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th	11. Kt to Kt sq	B takes P
2. Kt to Q B 3rd	Kt to K B 3rd	12. Kt to Kt sq	B takes P (ch)
3. P to Q 3rd	P to Q 4th	13. Kt to Kt sq	B takes P (ch)
4. P takes P	Kt takes P	14. Kt to Kt sq	B takes P (ch)
5. Q to K 2nd	Kt to Q B 3rd	15. K takes B	Q to R 7th (ch)
6. B to Q 2nd	B to K 2nd	16. K to B sq	Kt to Q 5th
7. Castles			
8. Q to B 3rd	P to K 3rd		
9. K Kt to K 2nd	P to B 4th		
10. Q to R 3rd	Q to Q 3rd		
11. Kt takes Kt	Q takes Kt		
12. Kt to B 3rd	Q to R 4th		

## THE LADIES' COLUMN.

BY MRS. FENWICK-MILLER.

Londoners are, perhaps, hardly aware of the rampant snobbishness and exclusiveness of the more narrow circles of the provinces, and of the way in which this small and contemptible vanity interferes with the education of middle-class girls in public high schools. "My daughter must not associate with retail tradesmen's children," cries Mrs. Wholesale-Tradeswoman; while her own girls are equally deemed by Mrs. Small-Landed-Estate too inferior to risk a friendly feeling growing up between them and the young Small-Estaters! A school depends for its success as a teaching institution on the possibility of paying salaries to attract highly educated teachers—specialists in their various departments; such teachers cannot be engaged to teach a few at a small salary, but when their charges can be accepted they are as capable in the course of the week of teaching two hundred as twenty. Therefore schools should be sufficiently big, and it is bad economy and injurious "all round," when, for silly "social" reasons, parents have their girls kept from the high school and taught by a cheap daily or resident governess. It is therefore worth while to call the attention of mothers who are injuring the development of their girls' minds by such bourgeois vanity to the example set by the Duke and Duchess of Sutherland, who have sent their sons, the Marquis of Stafford and Lord Alistair Gower, to the Board school at Golspie, to begin their education side by side with the farmers' and labourers' children. The Marquis of Dufferin, too, sent his boys, in their day, to the village school at his place, Clondeboye.

Mrs. Potter Palmer, who became one of the best-known women in America by virtue of her position as President of the Women's Committee of the Chicago World's Fair, and who is the wife of a Chicago millionaire, and a gracious, beautiful woman to boot, has been uttering some appalling opinions to an interviewer. Mrs. Potter Palmer declares that all the modern developments of athletics for women have been brought about by nothing else but a desire to attract men! "It makes my heart sink," she is reported to have said, "to hear girls telephoning to young men asking for their company at tennis, or in a drive, or out boating—mere devices and pretences for getting at the young man himself. It is positively true that the girls are making more advances than the men." If this goes on much longer, she thinks that the women will do the actual proposing.

There is, no doubt, some truth here; the essential blunder is in treating it as a new thing. So it is that Nature has made us all—male and female—as that love shall be the next object of our desire after the necessities of bare existence are supplied. Read great Darwin, and see how he traces every personal charm and every characteristic action and habit among the animal creation to the desire to please the opposite sex. Among the lower animals, it is true, he found that it was the male who chiefly had to commend himself to the selection of the female; while no impartial observer can doubt that Mrs. Potter Palmer is right in thinking that amidst us the process is reversed, at any rate in the upper ranks of society, and that the woman here has more or less openly and continually to court the man. But this is no new thing! Men have for some generations, at any rate, perceived the same fact, and not seldom have used the most insulting language about it, without a gleam of chivalrous shame in gloating over the advantage that civilisation gives them! Take, for instance, the following crude verbal outrage on anxious girlhood which Anthony Trollope perpetrated some thirty years ago; in his words lies not only a mournful display of the effect on men of their thus being sought after, but the reason for women seeking instead of waiting to be sought—

"She was not angry with him because he so evidently wished to avoid her. But she thought that if she *could only* be successful, she would be good and loving and obedient, and that, at any rate, it was *fair for her to try*. Each animal must *live and get its food* by the gifts which the Creator has given to it, let those gifts be poor as they may, and even distasteful to the rest of the created family. The rat, the toad, the slug, the flea, must each live according to its appointed means of existence! Animals that are *parasites* by nature can only live by *attaching* themselves to that which is strong. And must not her plea of excuse, her justification, be admitted? There are tormentors as to which no man argues that they are iniquitous, though they be very troublesome." There it is, you see; that is how the man feels and speaks in his candid moments; and there is what portionless girls are subjected to if they are content to look to nothing but marriage for a career: as Trollope has it, to be "*parasites*"! It is all wrong for women to seek and men to flee from capture. But it is because it is made so difficult for civilised woman to remain unmarried that the natural order is reversed in our species, and women court instead of waiting to be courted. But the fact is not "new." What is new is that it is so much more possible now than it used to be for a girl who revolts against such humiliation, and who even prefers the burdens and sorrows of celibacy in order to avoid it, to earn honourable independence, and so to avoid the painful necessity of hunting out of his coy retreat a man to "attach herself to" in Trollope's insulting sense.

Meantime, is it true that for girls to join in athletic exercises with men is a means of enticing the unwilling creatures to marriage? A writer in the *Cyclist's News* declares that it is all a mistake to think so, and that, on the contrary, "most girls who cycle know that flirtation and cycling are incompatible; the man with whom one cycles approximates to the position of a brother, and is more near to platonic friendship" than to flirtation and its snares of subsequent realistic altar vows. The same writer supplies an explanation in the observation that cycling is "a heating exercise," so that a girl's face gets crimson over it, and then, when she puts on powder to conceal that sad complexion discomposure, the only result is that she becomes "purple." Assuredly, if these things be so, platonicism is all that can be expected from a man companion!





VISITORS TO THE LIGHTHOUSE.



## WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated Nov. 16, 1893), with a codicil (dated Jan. 11, 1895), of Colonel George M'Corquodale, J.P., D.L., late of The Willows, Newton-le-Willows, Lancaster, and Gadlys, Anglesey, who died on July 16 last, was proved on Sept. 9 by George Frederick M'Corquodale and Alexander Cowan M'Corquodale, the sons, Robert Low Greenshields, the son-in-law, and Charles Sanderson, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £384,000. The testator confirms his two marriage settlements, and states that the benefits derived under his will by his wife and children are to be in addition to and not in substitution of those received under the said settlements. He bequeaths £1000 to each grandchild; £500 to his daughter Edith Beatrice Emile; legacies to servants, and a sum of £10,000 or such a smaller sum as shall not exceed one fiftieth part of all his real and personal estate, upon trust, for such charities as his trustees shall think fit, preference being given to those in the counties of Lancaster, Buckingham, and Anglesey, the cities of London, Glasgow, and Liverpool, the town of Leeds, and the borough of Southwark, but such money is not to be used for the buying of land or the repairing of buildings. His wife is to have the use for two years of both of his residences, and after that time the use of whichever one she prefers, during her widowhood, and such a sum as with the income produced by her marriage settlement makes up £4000 per annum. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves as to one moiety, upon trust, to pay the sum of £15,000 to his son George Frederick M'Corquodale, and the remainder of the moiety between all his sons, including the said George Frederick; and the other moiety, upon trust, for all his daughters in equal shares.

The will (dated Oct. 22, 1889), with a codicil (dated March 10, 1891), of James Mitchell, formerly of 33, Ennismore Gardens, and late of Holbrook Hall, Sudbury, Suffolk, who died on June 21 last, was proved on Sept. 2 by Caroline Augusta Mitchell, the widow, Miss Emily Ann Eleanor Hammer and Frank Johnstone Mitchell, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £104,000. The testator leaves £200 to each executor, £100 to his daughter Beatrice Cecilia Mitchell; £500 upon trust for the benefit of the church at Little Wellingfield, Suffolk; £100 upon trust for repairing the almshouses at Little Wellingfield, and legacies to relatives and servants. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves upon trust for his wife for life. Upon her death an annuity of £300 is to be paid to Miss Emily Ann Eleanor Hammer, and the ultimate residue is to go to his daughter Beatrice Cecilia Mitchell. The testator states that he has not provided for his said daughter during the life of his wife, as she will upon his death come into the property of his late cousin, Charles Cecil Mitchell.

The will (dated Oct. 4, 1893), with two codicils (dated March 13, 1894, and Feb. 23, 1895), of Joseph Huntley, late of Earham Villa, Kendrick Road, Reading, who died on July 24 last, was proved on Aug. 31 by James Boorne,

Edward Ernest Boorne, and Robert Coster Dryland, the executors, the value of the personal estate exceeding £74,000. The testator gives £1000 to the Society of Friends' Foreign Mission; £500 each to the British and Foreign Bible Society, the Royal Berkshire Hospital, Dr. Barnardo's Homes, the Friends' Syrian Mission, the Friends' Bedford Institute and Home Mission, the National Temperance League, the George Müller Orphanage, Bristol, and the Friends' Orphan Home at Leominster; £300 each to the Religious Tract Society and the Reading Temperance Society; £200 each to the Reading Dispensary, the Reading Town Mission, the Reading Female Home, Marie Hilton's Crèche, Infant Home, and Infirmary, the Friends' School at Sibford, Oxfordshire, the Friends' School at Saffron Walden, the London Temperance Hospital, the Gloucester Home of Hope for the Friendless and Fallen, the Reading Monthly Meeting of the Society of Friends, the North-Eastern Hospital for Children, the Friends' Rescue Homes (Dalston), the Friends' Convalescent Homes at Epping and Folkestone, and the Society for the Promotion of Permanent and Universal Peace; £100 each to the Boys' British School at Reading and the Girls' British School at Reading; and numerous legacies to relatives, friends, and servants. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves to James Boorne and Edward Ernest Boorne, in equal shares, as tenants in common.

The will (dated Oct. 4, 1890) of Smith Taylor Whitehead, late of 21, Upper Phillimore Gardens and Burton Closes, Bakewell, Derby, who died on April 24 last, was proved on Sept. 7 by George Henry Taylor Whitehead, the son, and sole executor, the value of the personal estate exceeding £53,000. The testator gives £5000 to his wife, Mrs. Julia Taylor Whitehead, and £200 to his coachman, Edwin Archer. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves to his son, George Henry Taylor Whitehead, absolutely.

The will (dated Dec. 6, 1894) of Lieutenant-General Sir Charles Crauford Fraser, V.C., K.C.B., late of 59, Sloane Street, Chelsea, who died on June 7 last, was proved on Aug. 31 by Major St. John Stewardson Taylor, the surviving executor, the value of the personal estate amounting to £21,467. Subject to a legacy of £2000 to Major Taylor, the testator leaves all his real and personal estate upon trust for his brother, the late General James Keith Fraser, for life, and after his death between his children in such shares as he should by deed or will appoint.

The will (dated Feb. 24, 1895) of Lady Clare Mary Henrietta Fielding, late of 5, John Street, Mayfair, who died on May 26 last, was proved on Sept. 7 by the Right Hon. Rudolph Robert Basil Aloysius Augustine, Earl of Denbigh, the brother and one of the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £15,541. The testatrix gives all her furniture, plate, jewels, etc., and £300 to her mother, the Dowager Countess of Denbigh, £200 each to her brother, the Hon. Basil George Edward Vincent

Fielding, and to her sister, Lady Edith Mary Fielding; £1000 to her sister, Lady Mary Cary-Elwes; a life policy for £3000 to the Earl of Denbigh, and legacies to grandchildren. The residue of her real and personal estate she leaves, upon trust, for her mother, for life, and then as to one moiety for her brother, the Hon. Francis Henry Everard Joseph Fielding, and the remaining moiety to her niece, Lady Mary Alice Clare Fielding.

The will of Mr. Anthony Hamond, J.P., late of The Abbey, Westacre, Norfolk, who died on March 30, was proved on Sept. 2 by Somerville Arthur Gurney and Thomas Astley Horace Hamond, the brother, the executors, the value of the personal estate exceeding £7000.

The will of Mr. Robert Barttelot Streatfield, late of 51, Eaton Place, Eaton Square, who died on Aug. 2, was proved on Aug. 19 by Major Alfred George Streatfield, the nephew and executor, the value of the personal estate exceeding £4800.

The first occasion on which Lord Rosebery expects to deliver a political speech will be on Oct. 18. Then he will open a new Liberal club in Scarborough, one of the few boroughs in which a Liberal victory was obtained at the last General Election. Mr. J. Compton Rickett, after an exceedingly brief candidature, succeeded in wresting the seat from Sir George Sitwell, and the party naturally feel elated at such a result. Lord Rosebery's utterances will be watched with even keener interest than has attended his speeches when Premier.

M. Nikisch, who conducted three concerts with a certain quiet distinction of his own recently in Queen's Hall, has been chosen to succeed Herr Reinecke as conductor of the Gewandhaus concerts in Leipzig. How many famous players and singers have faced the critical audiences which, for years past, have attended these celebrated musical soirées in Leipzig! It was at a Gewandhaus concert, by the way, that Madame Schumann appeared more than half a century ago, when she was Clara Wieck; and at the time of her jubilee the great pianist again played, to the joy of the musicians of Leipzig, at one of these famous functions.

A very interesting and, one would imagine, unique booklet has been issued in connection with the magazine published by Brighton Grammar School. It is a well-illustrated record of the excursions taken by the scholars during the summer term of 1895, and contains maps, notes, and views relating to the different places visited by the scholars as part of their educational routine. For instance, Chichester Cathedral was chosen as an excellent example of structural development, and examples of the styles are given and described. These excursions have been a feature of Brighton Grammar School for thirty years, and the authorities have evidently found that "Eye-gate" is often as easily and profitably assailed, in education, as "Ear-gate." The booklet is decidedly instructive, and the excursions must have been no less so.

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## THE PLAYHOUSES.

BY CLEMENT SCOTT.

Everyone should read a series of very remarkable articles that have appeared during the last three months in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, discussing with surprising accuracy and general knowledge of the subject the state, condition, and progress of the drama in England during the greater part of the century. M. Auguste Vilon has got the story of our dramatic progress at his fingers' ends. He has read the best books on the subject published during the last fifty years, and has added to this his own personal observation. We have evidently had a "chiel amang us takin' notes." He divides his subject briefly into three heads or periods: first, the classical days of the patent theatres, those hindrances to art which I am astonished to find are regretted in these days of progress and liberal advance; secondly, the celebrated Baneroff renaissance of art at the old Prince of Wales's Theatre, when the often despised "tea-cup and saucer school" of Robertson brought nature, health, and poetic feeling back to a stage that may generally be said to have been in a very dreary state between the retirement of William Charles Macready and the evolution of the Irving dynasty. The third period is devoted to the influence of W. S. Gilbert, with his fairy plays and marked originality of humour; but before concluding his remarks the French critic touches briefly on the new drama, paying a very marked and deserved compliment to Mr. William Archer, whose critical power he compares not so much to any well-known French writer as to the German Lessing. There is one little slip in connection with Mr. William Archer and myself in our younger days which, as a matter of history, may as well be corrected. It is perfectly true that Mr. James Mortimer, the editor and proprietor of the *London Figaro*, was the pioneer of that independence of thought and judgment which in my humble opinion has done so much for the freedom of the drama and for the general advancement of dramatic art, a freedom, by the way, that does not nowadays seem to be very much appreciated by some of our "kind friends in front," who are inclined once more to put in the pillory any independent man whose opinions, based on long experience, do not tally with their own. When Mr. James Mortimer started the *London Figaro* he appointed me his dramatic reviewer. I was the first "Almaviva," and we, editor and critic, suffered together

years ago, were hooted and exposed to every conceivable insult for that very independence which has been so highly praised by the French critic in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*. And I suppose I can bear again for conscience' sake and with equanimity what I bore then. What I write may meet with public disapprobation, but I write what I believe to be fair and just. In this as in other things one must occasionally "be cruel only to be kind." But what I chiefly wanted to point out was that Mr. William Archer and myself were never writing for the *London Figaro* at the same time. I was Almaviva the First when William Archer was a student at Edinburgh, studying the drama in his native Scotland with Mr. Robert Lowe, and conscientiously protesting against the pretensions of Henry Irving as actor and artist. Mr. Archer succeeded me as critic of the *London Figaro* many years after the paper had been started, and he was also a discovery of the astute Mr. James Mortimer, one of the most generous and upright men under whom I have ever served. The only living London dramatic critic who was my contemporary on the *Figaro* is Mr. Ernest Bendall of the *Observer*. In the early days of the *London Figaro* the staff consisted of Baker Hopkins, a genius in his way; Aglen Dowty, the well-known "O. P. Q. Philander Smiff," whose young married couple papers were the most charming things of the kind ever written; Percy Betts, the original "Cherubino," who, I believe, has never deserted his musical post to this hour; John Plummer, our sub-editor, long since migrated to Australia; Ernest Bendall, and your humble servant. But the Archer days of advance came later.

The fortunes of the little Strand Theatre appear to be looking up again. Mr. Harry Paulton—with the assistance of his clever son—has written a play called "In a Locket," which is as gravely comical as he is himself. It contains a droll idea which is carried out with all imaginable seriousness. This is the secret of Mr. Paulton's success. He says the funniest things and propounds the most fantastic arguments with a face as serious as a judge and an almost pained expression. The complications in this ingenious and extremely well written play, arise from the curious mechanism of a locket, which contains two divisions, one with a woman's face in it, the other with a man's face. This simplicity of arrangement manages, however, to set an excellent and affectionate husband and wife by the ears, and to sow discord in a hitherto

happy and united family. A kind of domestic court-martial is the funniest scene in the play, and it is excellently acted all round. In addition to Mr. Harry Paulton, who is a host in himself and whose comic manner and style are so well known, we have Mr. James Welch, who played so well with the Independent Society, and who promises to be a first-class comedian. In both plays he made a very marked success, and a success of art as well as of mere comicality. Mr. Leonard Cautley and Mr. Scott Buist are of great service. Miss Annie Hill and Miss de Winton both distinguished themselves, and a comic maid-servant was inimitably acted by Miss Julia Warden. The play was received with genuine applause by a somewhat critical audience.

All the necessary arrangements have now been made for the first American tour of Mr. John Hare and the Garrick Theatre Company. He starts on Dec. 23 with one month at Abbey's Theatre, New York, proceeding thence to Canada, back to Detroit, Cleveland, Buffalo, and Boston, concluding his tour in April at Chicago and New York. Good luck to him! We have seldom sent to America so polished and admirable an artist. I don't care how many times "A Pair of Spectacles" has been played in America, or by whom, Benjamin Goldfinch has never been acted as it will be acted by John Hare.

The White Star new cargo-boat *Georgic*, which arrived in the Mersey on Sept. 14, brought what is described as "the biggest cargo that ever left New York." The *Georgic* is the largest cargo-boat afloat, and she certainly brought a vast quantity of merchandise. On her freight list are 750 cattle, 9000 sheep, 3000 quarters beef, 136,000 bushels wheat, 90,000 bushels corn, 550 bales cotton, 2000 sacks flour, 1800 bags oilcake, 1800 cases, 1700 boxes bacon, 300 barrels and tins of provisions, 9000 packages lard, 3900 barrels resin, 700 barrels glucose, 1000 cases of canned goods, 300 packages soap, 400 barrels wax, 300 barrels bark-extract, 1000 barrels lubricating oil, 100 tons wood, 3000 packages acetate of lime, 150 barrels oxide of zinc, and 10,000 packages of coopeage stock. This record can hardly be as satisfactory to commercial men on this side as it is to those in the United States. The remarkable amount of goods brought by one steamer is a striking proof of our indebtedness to America for certain classes of merchandise.

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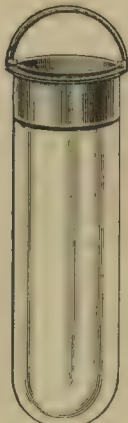
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## ANOTHER CLASSIC REGION DOOMED.

The fairies have long ago been driven from Yarrow and Ettrick by tourist coaches and the telegraph; the Fall of Foyers is to supply motive-power for the aluminium industry; Manchester has tapped the Lake country of England for its water-supply, and now Edinburgh is about to tap the Talla, an early tributary of the Tweed, for a more efficient water-supply. The region which is about to be disturbed by a reservoir, new bridges, miles of pipe, and a short line of railway of eight and a half miles in length from Broughton, is a classic region of many historical and literary memories, one or two of which we propose to revive.

The Caledonian Railway to Peebles, which goes by Carstairs, Biggar, and the valley of the Tweed, passes at present within seven or eight miles of the proposed water-supply. The short service railway from this line at Broughton, which will run along Tweedside, whatever may ultimately be done with it, is, in the first instance, for the conveyance of clay, iron, brick, and cement, for the construction of the Talla reservoir. A new bridge will be built across the Tweed at Tweedsmuir, seven miles above Broughton, for the carrying over of 36-inch cast-iron pipes below the roadway, capable of conveying 24,000,000 gallons of water per day. The road will run thence up on the east side of the reservoir to Gameshope. The Tweedsmuir Bridge will be of steel girders, and the works are to be completed within twelve months from Sept. 1.

The first turf of the works will probably be cut by the wife of Lord Provost MacDonald, of Edinburgh.

The Tweed rises in Tweedsmuir Parish, at a height of about 1784 feet above sea-level, and early in its flow has some wild burns as tributaries, such as the Core, Fruid, Talla, Minzion. Talla, with its dashing linns and its wild tributary the Gameshope, is the most important and picturesque, and it is this stream which it is proposed to annex for the benefit of Edinburgh. This was a favourite angling paradise of Professor John Wilson (Christopher North) on the higher reaches of the Tweed. To him it was the dearest of all the streams in Scotland. He grows eloquent whenever the Dumfries mail-coach plants him down from Prince's Street in the neighbourhood of the Bield or the Crook Inn. In one of his finest essays, "Streams," which appeared in an early *Blackwood*, he amply glorifies this region, and relates the landing of the big trout the Hermit of Erickstone, which "belonged to Christopher North from the roe of his earliest ancestor, and the predestined now is come." Of the Talla he writes: "Gay, gamesome streamlet, that comes dancing into the Tweed from Talla Linns, let me follow up thy murmurs for a mile or so, and, by way of a finale, take a bath in the silver pool, so named by shepherds for its perpetual pellucidity. . . . Every green chasm among the braes has a breeze as well as a rill of its own, and as you pass along up the main valley, itself but narrow, every hundred yards or two some unseen air-nymph, waggishly disposed, gives you a refreshing flirt of her fan."

Then comes a picture drawn with humour and fidelity of six Scottish lassies "ploutering" and bathing in the silver pool under Talla Linns, one of their number being held under the waterfall. There is nothing indelicate in the treatment. The old gentleman is entreated to leave the scene. "That's a bonny man—gang your wa's—and dinna tell ony stories, na, about our ploutering to the lads." "Will you promise to give me a few kisses, then, Girzie, any time we chance to foregather, and I'll gang my wa's?" "Ou, ay, Mr. North; ou, ay, Sir—but oh! gang your wa's, for Tibbie's just chockin' ower by yonner aneath the water-pyot's nest; and Kirsty's drank a gallon at the least and maun be sair swalled." The picture closes with a Sunday at Tweedsmuir Kirk and an evening by the fireside of the minister.

One has but to climb the steep ridge, the water parting there, to get into the vale of Megget, which leads down to St. Mary's Loch. It is a fine experience to go thither, following the windings of what, in the Ettrick Shepherd's time, was a famous trout-stream. The grave of Piers Cockburn and the scene of that pathetic ballad "The Border Widow's Lament," lies at the mouth of the glen. Here was once a famous deer-forest, where the Scottish Kings and Queens found royal sport. But we must not wander now into this poesy-haunted region, nor to "Tibbie Shiels," but back we come to Talla and Tweedside again, and remember some of Dr. John Brown's stories at the close of his paper on the "Enterkin": how the driver of the Dumfries mail, having been once blamed by the Post Office,

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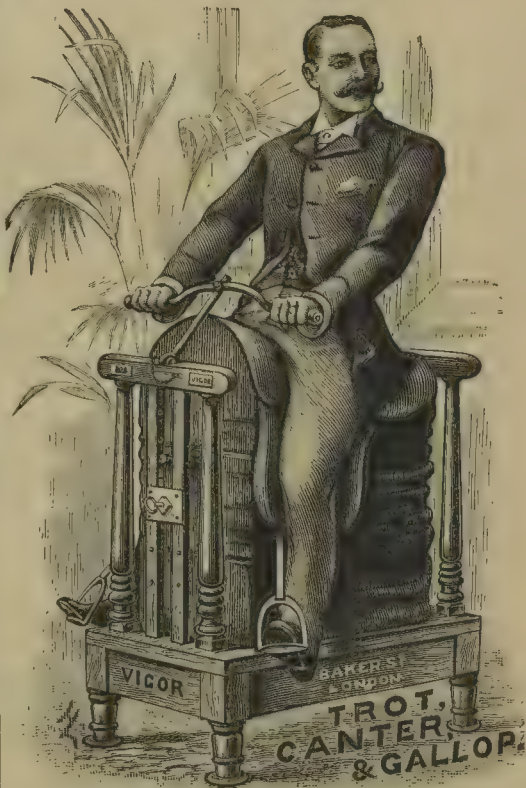
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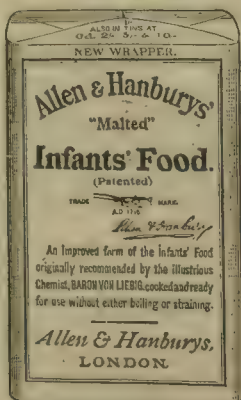
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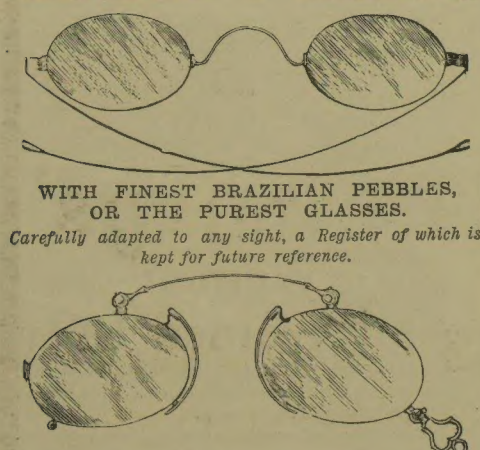
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 See illustration on page 346 in "The Illustrated London News" of Sept. 14.

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said he would never be blamed again, tried to push through by Tweedshaws on horseback, and how a shepherd next morning saw the sun glinting on the brass plate of his mail-bag hung on a stake by the road-side, and near by the outstretched hand of McGeorge, the driver, sticking out of the snow in which he had been overwhelmed. At the Bield was born the late Professor John Ker, and there Campbell the poet in his youth once slept. Many Covenanted memories haunt these "sonsy" rounded green hills; and some other good stories, among them Sir Thomas Dick Lauder's breakdown while driving here in 1807, will be found in the best of all books on this subject, his own "Scottish Rivers."

Below, on the river-side, was Linkumdie, where Willie Wastle dwelt, and further down, at the junction of the Drumelzier or Powsail Burn with the Tweed, is a white-thorn tree, which is said to mark the spot where

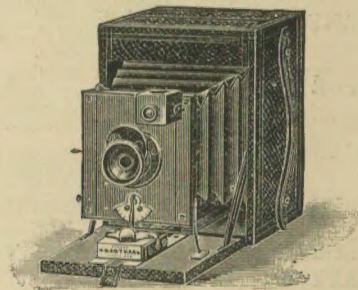
Merlin died and was buried. Such are some of the memories which hang around the upper reaches of the Tweed, now to be exploited by the railway and water-pipes of civilisation.

Professor Hicks, who has been a good deal *en évidence* at the British Association meetings at Ipswich, is the principal of Firth College, Sheffield—a meritorious institution which has lately received a considerable sum of money to enable it to become a constituent college of the Victoria University, which grants degrees to its students. Dr. Hicks had a distinguished career at Cambridge, where he was a Fellow of St. John's. His subject is physics, of which he is Professor at Firth College, and on which he has written many papers published in the "Transactions of the Royal Society" and in various scientific journals. He is, of

course, a Fellow of the Royal Society. Principal Hicks is of medium height, bearded, and seldom to be seen without spectacles. He is more capable as a writer than as a lecturer, and is very popular in Sheffield, where his attention to the technical school attached to Firth College is highly appreciated.

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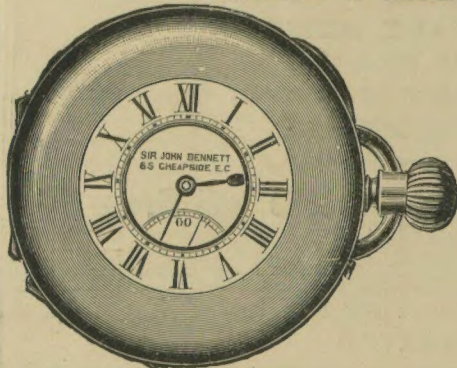
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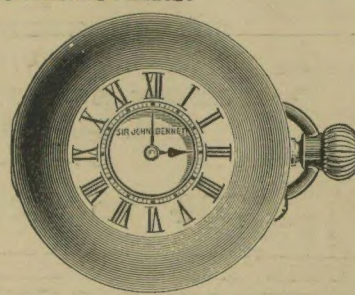


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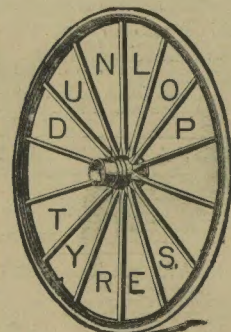
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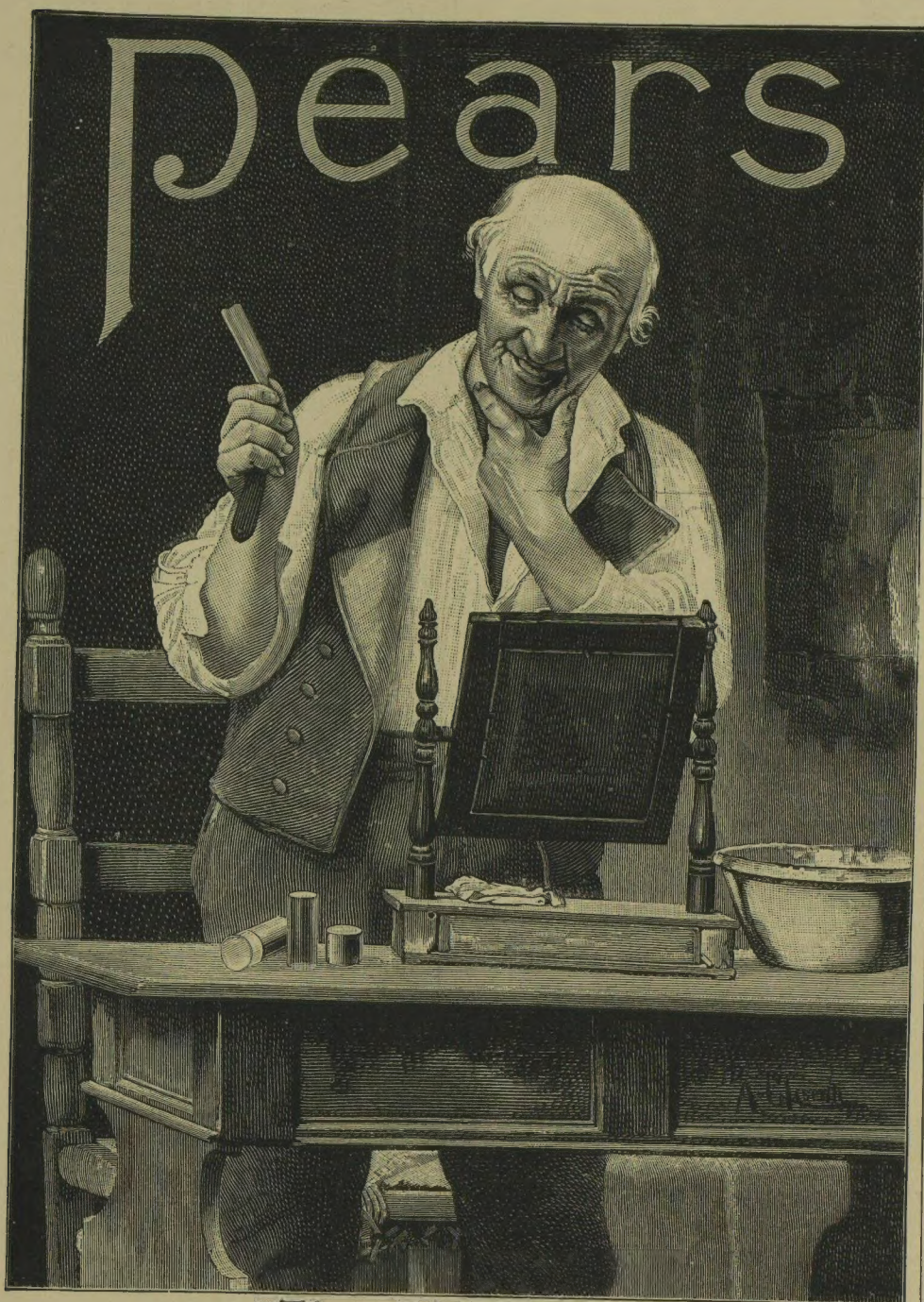
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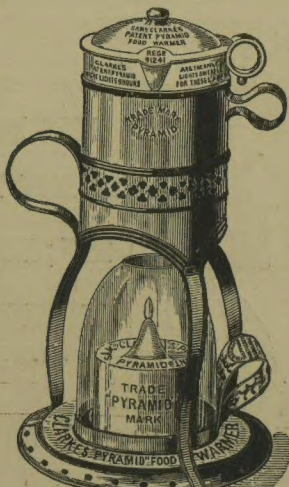
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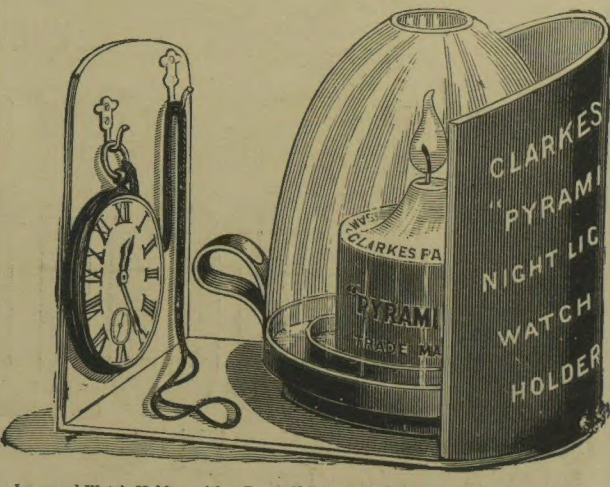
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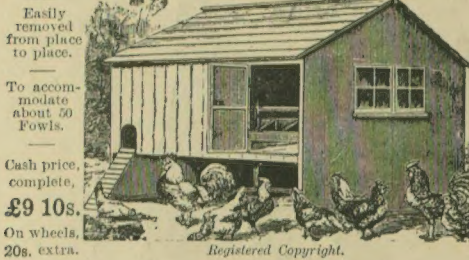
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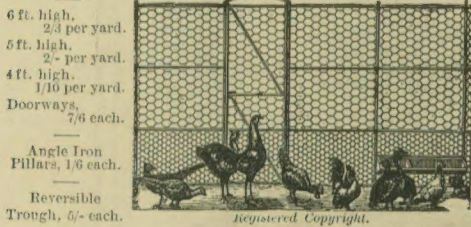
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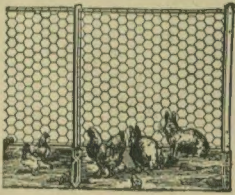


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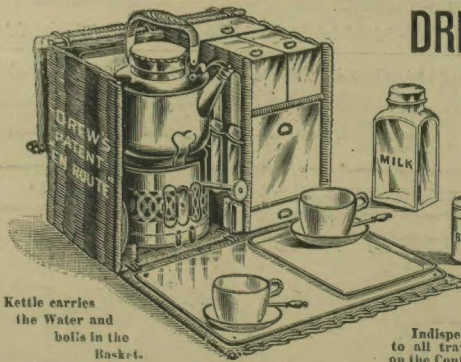
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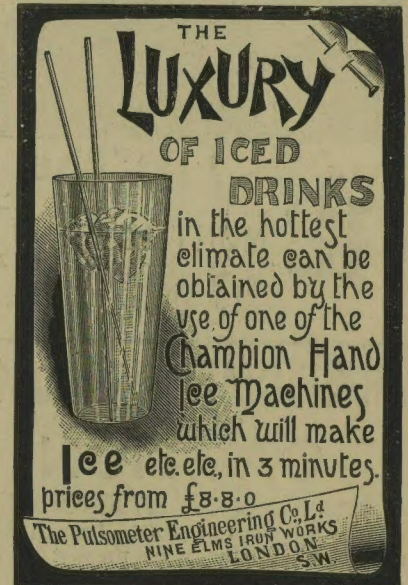
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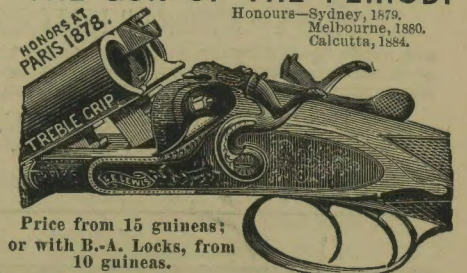
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